VOL. CXXXI. No. 1714a.

THE SPHERE, NOVEMBER 28, 1932
With which is incorporated "BLACK & WHITE."

The Sphere

CHRISTMAS 1932

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Office: 346, Strand, London, W.C. 2

For Postage Rates see inside.

Cover Design by Traus illustrating Real Life in the Middle Ages. *(See inside.)*

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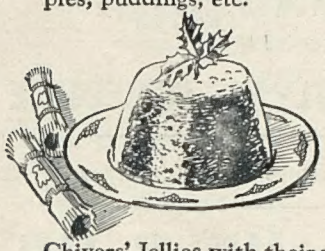

For many years Chivers' Plum Puddings have been popular favourites on the Christmas Menu. Can be had in several sizes and packed in special air-tight tins for sending to friends overseas.

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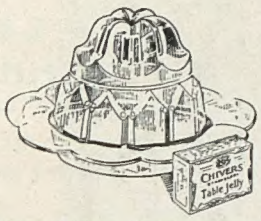

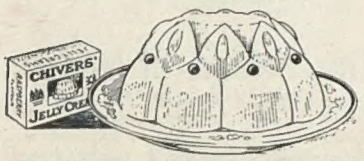

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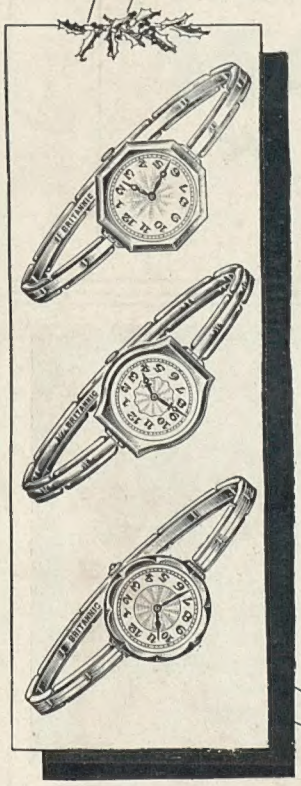

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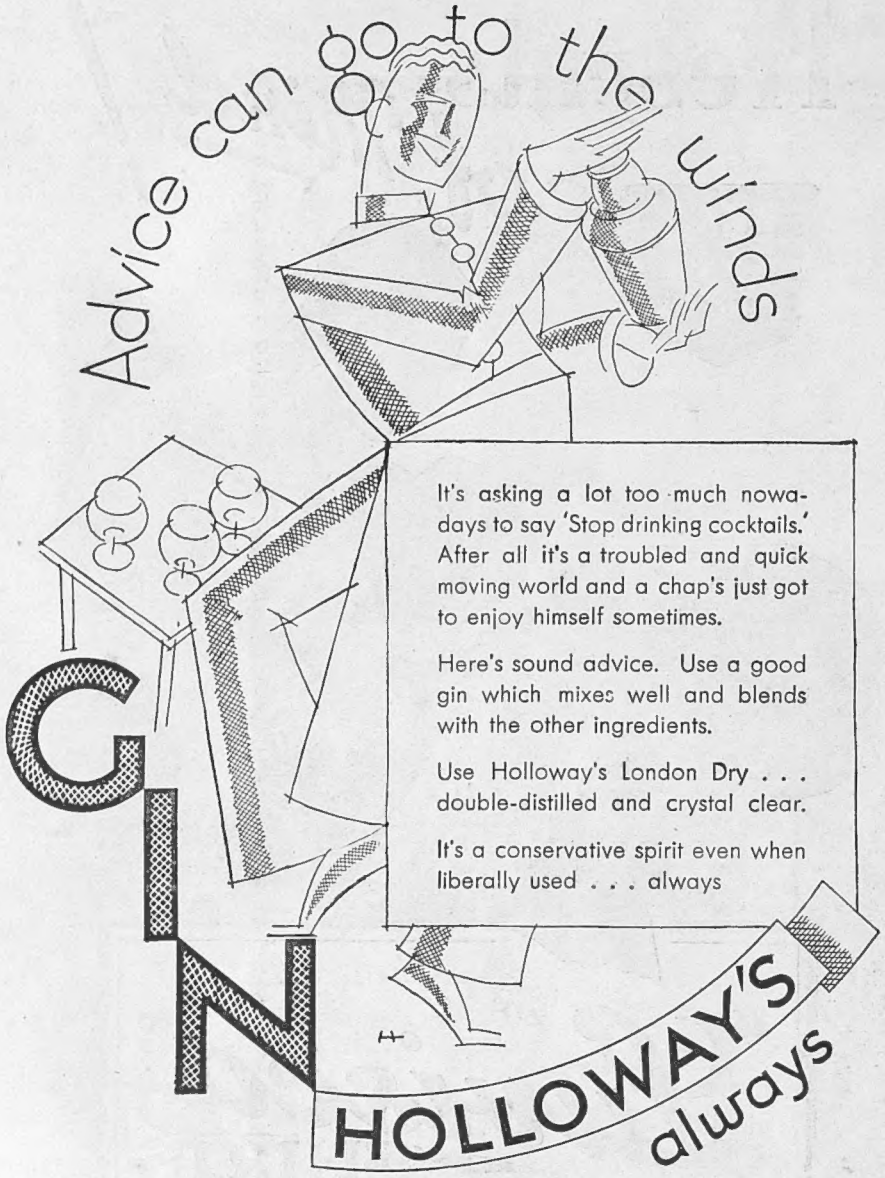

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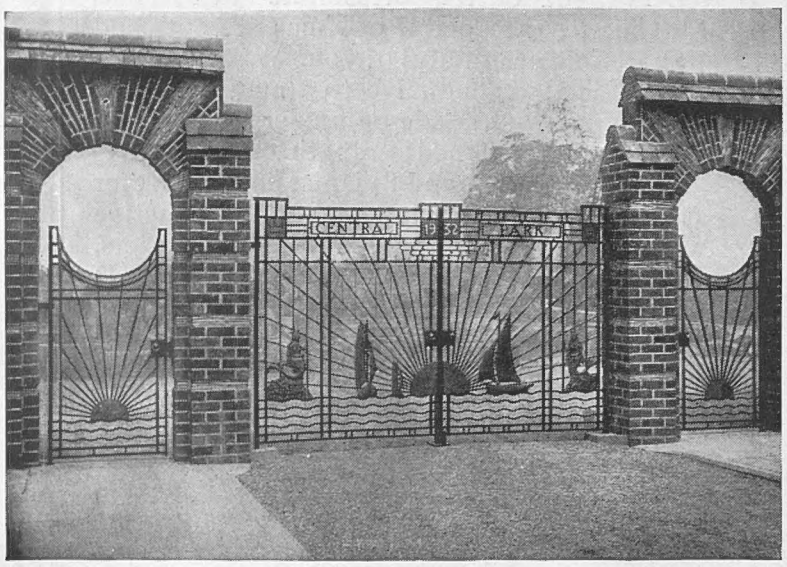

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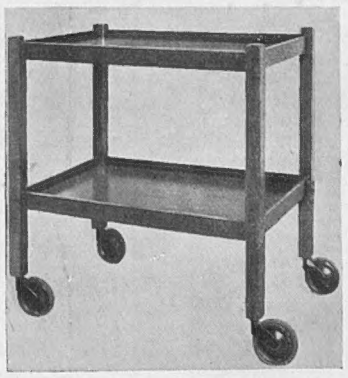

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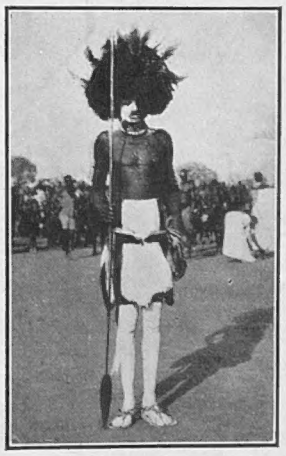

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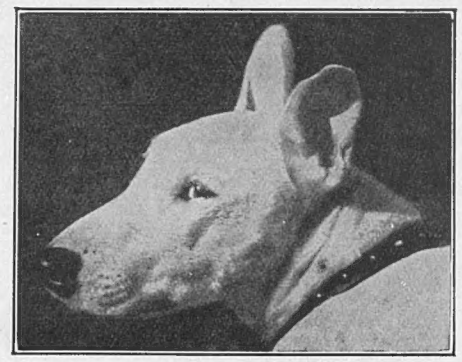

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Mazawattee Tea

ALL EMPIRE GROWN

CONTENTS

Page 9—THE GIFT

In this picture the artist has shown our readers something of the busy last minute rush on Christmas Eve. The shoppers are thronging Regent Street. They pause to glance at the modern lay figures in the window of a costumier's establishment. One elegant creature is handing a gift of pearls to another waxen beauty.

Drawn by John Pimlott

Page 10—A CHRISTMAS CAROL PAGE

An ancient carol is embellished by a triptych by Hans Memling, reproduced in colour. It contains some kneeling ladies in the attractive fifteenth-century dress of which several examples are given in the special section dealing with Real Life in the Middle Ages. They wear the tapering head-dress of the period.

Decorations by Harold Nelson

Page 11—EILWARD OF WESTONING

In this account of a miracle of St. Thomas à Becket the reader will discover a curious first-hand document dating from the years immediately following the murder of Becket. The details leading to the arrest of Eilward, the unfortunate-fortunate are extremely quaint, as are the methods of his conviction.

Illustrated by Harold Nelson

Page 12—AT THE TOILET TABLE

The artist is a constant exhibitor at the R.A. to which he was elected Associate not long ago. The room is lit from the usual left-hand side. A delightful serenity of treatment is a note of all Mr. Knight's work.

Painting by Harold Knight

THOSE AUSTRALIAN TWINS

An up-to-date story of two well-to-do Australian girls and their adventures in Europe and London. No actual living persons are referred to, although the characters move about in quite familiar social resorts in London.

By Alice Williamson

Page 13—" AFTERNOON "

One of the most happy of the delightful interior conversation pictures for which this artist is famous. He also is a member of the R.A. This particular example is now on exhibition at the galleries of Mr. Newman in Duke Street, St. James's. It is well worth seeing.

Painting by L. Campbell Taylor, R.A.

Page 14—THOSE AUSTRALIAN TWINS (continued)

Illustration to story by John Pimlott

Page 15—THE CHARM OF STILL LIFE

Two examples of still life and flower painting are given on this page. Mr. Ward is a regular exhibitor at the R.A. Mr. Y. Tohno is a newcomer to the R.A. He has done some delightful flower compositions in recent years.

Paintings by Chas. D. Ward and Y. Tohno

Page 16—SOMETHING LIKE A CONVERSATION

An extract from Fanny Burney's *Cecilia*. A delicious example of cultured boredom on the part of the silk-clad gentleman. The artist is an expert on costume. Her books, with their coloured illustrations, are a delight to the eye and her knowledge of cuffs, laces, and farthingales is profound.

Illustrated by Iris Brooke

Page 17—THE JOY OF PRIMITIVE COLOUR

In this painting of a Czech peasant maiden, the artist records with a wealth of colour the picturesque gala dress of this East European people.

Painting by Phyllis Dodd

Pages 18–19 —LOVE AND FREINDSHIP

Some extracts from the delicious parody of the earlier novelette style of the eighteenth century, written in the form of a youthful effort by the author of *Pride and Prejudice*. The mispellings are of course intentional.

By Jane Austen. Illustrations by Eileen Mayo

Page 20—REAL LIFE IN THE MIDDLE AGES

Opening page of a section dealing with life in England before the days of Henry VIII and the familiar Tudors. The fifteenth century is much less well known than the later historical periods.

Written by Mary Crosbie

Page 21—COAXING THE SHY GUEST

This is one facet of life in the fifteenth century. The host and his guests are wearing the picturesque dress of the period.

Drawn by C. Walter Hodges

Pages 22–23 —REAL LIFE IN THE MIDDLE AGES—(continued)

The artist has taken a number of examples of real happenings in the fifteenth century—no mere " bringing in of the boar's head."

Illustrated by Gladys Rees

Page 24—WINTER IN THE COUNTRY

These two subjects show varied aspects of village life when the snow is on roof and road. The smaller picture, with its merry dancers, shows a village well worth a visit during the Christmas holidays.

Painted by Stanley Royle and Diana Pullinger

Page 25—THE JOY OF THE WINTER LANDSCAPE UNDER SNOW

Two camera records of snow scenes on the countryside

Page 26—SEATED IN THE PARK

A picture story of the part played by many a dog both in the past and the present.

Page 27—CHRISTMAS AT THREE PERIODS

The artist gives a vivid impression, in simple line, of the outward changes which have taken place on the observance of Christmas; concluding with the steel furniture epoch.

Drawings by Irwin Rechenberg

Page 28—EILWARD OF WESTONING—(continued)

With two illustrations of dogs well worth knowing.

Page 29—COACHING IN THE OLD DAYS

The first page of a section dealing with coaching in the past century.

From originals by C. Cooper Henderson

Pages 30 31 —HELD UP ON THE EXETER ROAD

A pleasing composition by a contemporary artist, now on exhibition at Messrs. Vicars' Galleries in New Bond Street. This subject has never before been reproduced. The landscape is peculiarly attractive in this case.

Painted in oils by C. Cooper Henderson

Page 32—COACHING BY DAY AND NIGHT

Two intriguing aspects of coaching from rare prints in Mr. Frank Sabin's possession.

Drawings by J. Pollard and C. B. Newhouse

Page 33—LITTLE FAIRIES OF CHRISTMASTIDE

Camera studies of juvenile dancers preparing for a Christmas ballet.

Page 34—A VAGABOND CHRISTMAS

In a series of film-like studies the artist tells the story of a tramp's dream, but there is a flash-back—and all is well.

Drawn by Hailstone

Page 35—TEMPTATION, THE STORY OF A JUG OF CREAM

The camera-artist who took this remarkable series must have exercised no little patience, as you cannot hurry pussy in front of a camera, or at any other time.

Page 36—REAL LIFE IN THE MIDDLE AGES—(concluded)

A number of head-dresses have been gathered together from various sources to illustrate Miss Crosbie's narrative.

Page 38—THE EMPTY BED

A story of cut and thrust in the days of knee-breeches in old France. The picture is by an accomplished water-colourist.

Story by G. H. W. Ramsey. Illustration by Madeley McClintock

Pages 40–42 —THE BURNING BUSH

The author tells a tale of wonder-making in the far off days before written history.

By Stephen Foy. Illustrations by Rowland Hilder

Page 44—OLD ENGLISH BALLADS

Two quaint examples are illustrated in colour. There is great naiveté of treatment, but the pictures tell their tale with no uncertain touch.

Page 46—CHILDREN'S SECTION

This page introduces several others dealing in matters interesting to children.

Drawing by Millar Watt

Page 48—WALKING TO EDINBURGH

A remarkable first-hand narrative from the days of Bonnie Prince Charlie. The whole story of the young Scottish footman has been published and is well worth reading.

Illustrated by W. Bryce-Hamilton

Page 49—A CHRISTMAS PICTORIAL COMPETITION

A competition for the Christmas holidays for those with a pictorial sense. The pieces make up an actual view in the " home-town " of great painters and sculptors.

Drawn by Percy Home

THE COVER:

"ISN'T HE A DEAR?"

This cover design illustrates the period dealt with in the section—"Real Life in the Middle Ages." The proud mother is showing her swaddled-up baby son to a friend. Both are wearing the low-cut bodices of the later part of the fifteenth century. One may find corroboration of all these details on the brasses in many a countryside church. A mother and daughter wearing just such dresses may be seen lying in brass in Wrotham Church in Kent. By TRAUS

Page 50—THOSE AUSTRALIAN TWINS —(continued).

Illustration, a Dream of Christmas Day, by Anton Fikulka

Page 52—THOSE AUSTRALIAN TWINS —(continued).

Illustration, Dawns the Bright Day, by Brenda

Page 58—CHILDREN STORIES

With illustrations of some of the fascinating dolls which nowadays make Christmas shops a joy.

FOR HER

JUBILANT JUMPERS

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CONQUERING COATS

★

SPARKLING SUITS

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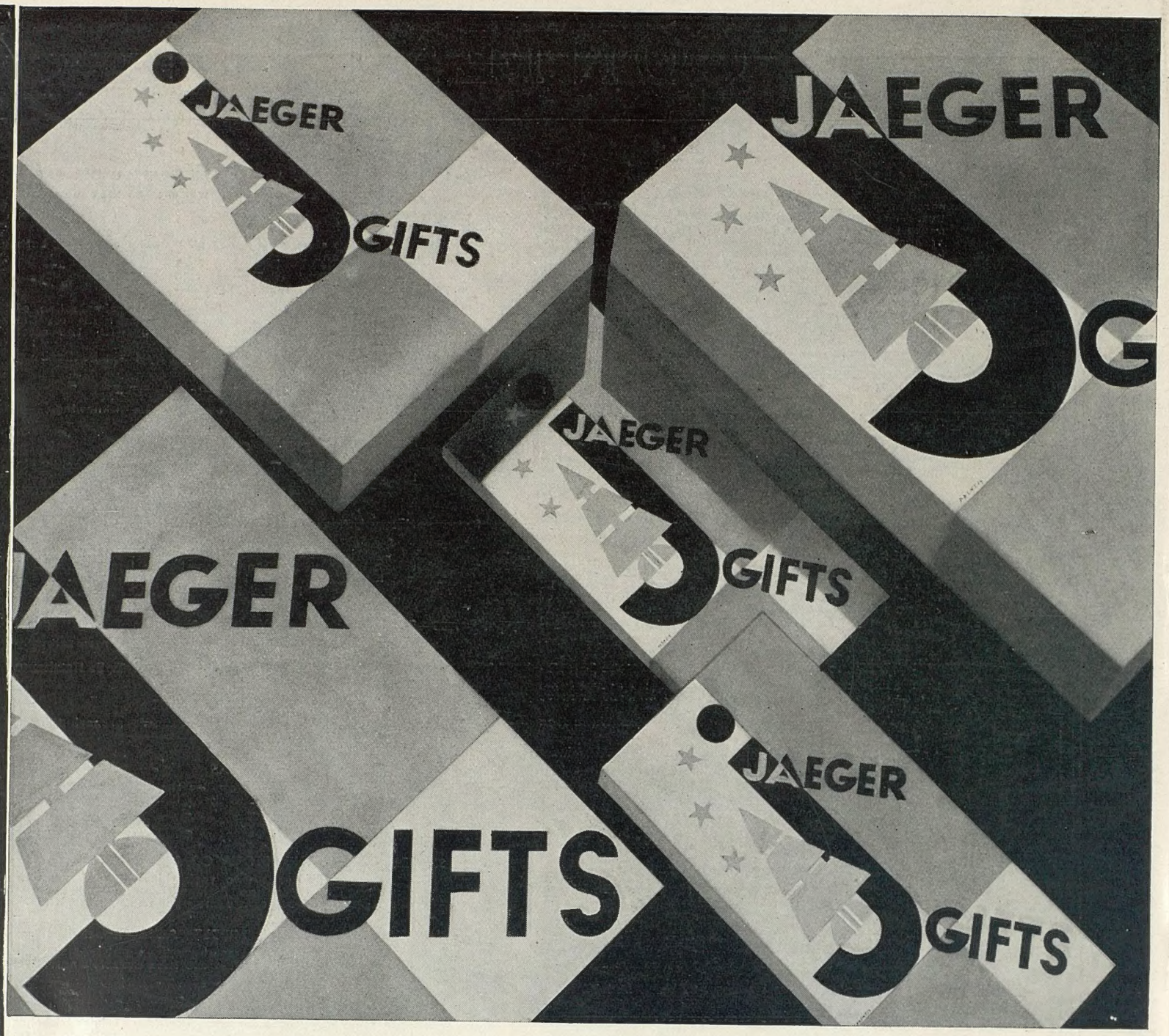

Even the afflicting and primitive occupation of Christmas-present-choosing becomes magically feasible if you abandon yourself to Jaeger. No matter how protracted your list of the deserving and undeserving, Jaeger gather the entire Christmas cosmos into their soothing embrace. With psychic intuition they improvise brilliantly on the harassing theme of Uncle John and Aunt Mehitabel. With bewildering elasticity they conjure up presents to brighten the lives of the mossiest relative or the most scintillating contemporary. Blandly, melodiously, Jaeger iron out the creases of that Christmas shopping complex and infuse benevolence into the most aquarian heart. We guarantee you will emerge from your Jaeger expedition chirping like a robin, carolling like a choir boy and fairly glittering with the Yuletide spirit.

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EILWARD OF WESTONING

A Miracle of St. Thomas à Becket

From a Contemporary Narrative

THERE was one of the common folk, Eilward by name, in the King's town of Weston in the county of Bedford. One of his neighbours, Fulk, owed him a *denarius* as part of rent for cornland, and put off payment on the excuse of not having the money. One day, a holiday, when they were going to the alehouse together, as is the English custom, Eilward asked for his money, and Fulk denied the debt on oath. Then Eilward bade him pay half, as he was going to have some beer, and keep the other half for himself for beer likewise. On Fulk's still refusing, the other said he would be even with him.

After they had both got drunk, Eilward, leaving the alehouse before the other, turned aside to Fulk's cottage, tore away the bar, burst into the house, and carried away a great grindstone and a pair of gloves, both scarcely of the value of a *nummus*. The boys, who were playing in the courtyard, cried out, and running to the tavern called their father out to reclaim his property. Fulk followed the thief, broke the man's head with the grindstone, wounded him in the arm with a knife, brought him back to the cottage, bound him, and called in Fulk, the beadle of the village, to know what he must do with his prisoner.

"The charge," said the beadle, "is not heavy enough. If you tie a few more things round the prisoner and produce him thus, you can accuse him of breaking the law." The debtor agreed, and fastened round his prisoner's neck an awl, a two-edged axe, a net, and some clothes, together with the grindstone and the gloves, and on the following day brought him thus before the King's officers.

So having been taken to Bedford he was kept in the prison there for a month. He sent for a priest, in whose hearing (after confessing his sins) he vowed a pilgrimage to Jerusalem if he escaped, and he begged that he might be branded with a cross on the shoulder. The priest branded him accordingly, but also suggested that he should seek the protection of the Saints, and especially of St. Thomas, measuring his body for the length and thickness of a candle to be offered to the Martyr, and also giving him a bundle of rods that self-punishment might accompany his invocations. Then he left him, saying that the judges had forbidden any priest to have further access to the accused. However, the priest still sent messages to his window to comfort and strengthen him in secret. Also the Prior of Bedford often supplied him with food, visited him, and had him out for a breathing-space now and then, in the open air.

At the beginning of the fifth week he was had up for trial. On his asserting that he took what he took as a pledge, and that he did not take the other articles at all, he was again remanded to prison. In the fifth

(Continued on page 28)

Decorations by HAROLD NELSON

AT THE TOILET TABLE

From the Painting by
HAROLD KNIGHT, A.R.A.

THOSE AUSTRALIAN TWINS

by Alice Williamson

She had just flown over from Paris to London, and arrived from Croydon in a taxi at the Savoy Hotel, where she asked for Miss May Stevenson.

The reception clerk—she didn't know if that was what they called them in England—stared at her as if he had seen a ghost. And so, for an instant, he really thought he had, knowing Miss May Stevenson of Sydney, Australia, to be upstairs in an expensive suite under the care of a trained nurse and a nerve specialist. But when you come to think of it, if you arrive in a London or other hotel, you don't have to mention, when you write your name in the visitors' book, "I am one of twins." May evidently hadn't. The young man felt that he was having an optical illusion.

You would have known, just glancing at her—though people as a rule did more than glance—that Kay Stevenson had flown. Not that she looked ruffled or had a golden-brown hair astray; but because she was the kind of young person who would fly if there were anything to fly in.

"No, I won't register," she said. "I shan't be staying, and I won't send up my name. Please let Miss Stevenson know that the person she expected from Paris is here."

The trained nurse opened the door of the suite, and she, too, would almost have fainted if she hadn't been prepared for the apparition. She allowed the visitor to enter, and then proceeded to disappear, no matter where.

There lay May in bed, exquisitely lovely—and you'd have known that *she* would never fly, not if there were fleets of airplanes at her service or even a Zeppelin unless, at worst, she could hold the hand of a strong, silent man. As it happened, she had met and annexed several such, recently linking herself with the most distinguished of them all. The latest was a duke (not a bad pick-up for a Sydney débutante); but now this horrible affair had happened and everything was in the soup.

"Darling!" moaned May, holding out her beautiful bare arms.

Kay allowed herself to be embraced and then perched at some distance from May on the edge of the bed. She didn't care for May's scent; too exotic for a blonde of twenty, going back nineteen. She herself used flower perfumes, and none at all save in the evening. There are some details in which, despite Nature, twins won't be twins.

"Well, what's it all about?" Kay inquired. "From your 'phone to Paris—I mean your nurse's—I thought you were at least dead. Not that I haven't often thought so before, my dear—from the neck up!"

"I couldn't let Nurse Festonoh (she's Featherstonhaugh, really, but you don't pronounce her that way)—I couldn't let her do more than S O S you, darling," said May. "It's all the most ghastly secret—what has happened, I mean—and if you can save me somehow, perhaps it can be kept a secret. That seems too good to be true, though I've *prayed:* but you always have saved me from things all our lives."

"I suppose you believe it's what I was born for, and if God hadn't thought of my being useful to you as a double and in lots of ways, I wouldn't have been born at all," replied Kay. "Well, I'm conceited enough to imagine I have a few separate uses—otherwise I wouldn't have split off from the family circle in dear old Sydney when I saw it developing fatty degeneration of the intellect, and travelled such a long way to learn to be an artist. All the same, I'm glad to be your life preserver when I can without being arrested—or even *then!* It's become a habit. I shouldn't have dared take a flat in Paris if I hadn't been sure you were off my hands for life. Being engaged to a duke sounds like landing on the Rock of Gibraltar—don't tell me the rock has submerged!"

"No, dearest, not yet it hasn't," said May, "but it will if you can't do something. That's why I sent for you, as a *last* hope. Everything's *too* awful!"

"Well, begin at the beginning," suggested Kay, "though I feel I could advise better if I had tea. Here I am in England, a land flowing with tea and bursting with bread and butter, yet . . ."

"Oh, nurse has certainly gone to the next room to 'phone for some," said May. "She always orders tea when there's an emergency. But will you listen to me till it comes?"

"I will," Kay bravely promised.

"Well, you *did* know about my being presented at Court?" said May.

"I did, indeed"—Kay spoke into her sister's pause. "Naturally I knew, as that was why I went to Paris. I thought your artistic elder twin was so much better suited to the Latin Quarter than to Buckingham Palace."

"I'm artistic, too, dear—you know I am," May broke off her tragic tale. "Only it's in a different way."

"Oh, yes, I know it's a different way," Kay admitted. "Let's get on to business—what you've done and what you want me to do."

(Continued on p. 14)

On exhibition at the Newman Gallery, Duke Street, St. James's

"AFTERNOON"

The Serenity of a Beautiful Home

From the Painting by
L. CAMPBELL TAYLOR, R.A.

George Gissing is one of the few writers who have put into words something of what Mr. Campbell Taylor has caught so well in his picture, "Afternoon." In his Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft *he writes: "The exquisite quiet of this room! I have been sitting in utter idleness, watching the sky, viewing the shape of the golden sunlight upon the carpet, which changes as the minutes pass, letting my eye wander from one framed print to another, and along the ranks of my beloved books. Within the house nothing stirs. In the garden I can hear singing of birds, I can hear the rustle of their wings. And thus, if it please me, I may sit all day long, and into the profounder quiet of the night. . . . I came home this afternoon just at twilight, and, feeling tired after my walk, a little cold too, I first crouched before the fire, then let myself drop lazily upon the hearthrug. I had a book in my hand, and began to read it by the firelight. Rising in a few minutes, I found the open page still legible by the pale glimmer of day. This sudden change of illumination had an odd effect upon me; it was so unexpected, for I had forgotten that dark had not yet fallen. And I saw in the queer little experience an intellectual symbol. The book was verse. Might not the warm rays from the fire exhibit the page as it appears to an imaginative and kindred mind, whilst that cold, dull light from the window showed it as it is beheld by eyes to which poetry has but a poor, literal meaning, or none at all?"*

"There lay May in bed, exquisitely lovely"

Drawing by JOHN PIMLOTT

THOSE AUSTRALIAN TWINS

(Continued from p. 12)

"I don't *know* what I want you to do!" May wailed. "That's for you to find out when you've heard all. As for me, I haven't done a *thing* except make the greatest success of any Australian girl at the drawing-room when I was presented. Oh, and get engaged to Tony, the Duke of Southminster. (You *must* know the old Duke died when Tony was a boy and left him to his mother. Such a tragedy! I mean not so much his dying as leaving a woman like that to bring the son up.) Well, that's about all I've done in a nutshell and it seemed heavenly at first."

"But you're not in love with this duke person? You can't be," broke in Kay. "You've been in love with Dick Potter since you were sixteen."

"Oh, *love!*" said May. "Love is old stuff."

"When you come from Sydney and can get a duke, I suppose you mean?"

"Well, that's life, isn't it?" May shrugged her bare shoulders on a pillow no whiter than they. "And it's death to lose him."

"Have you lost him?" Kay caught her up.

"I have, unless you can do something."

"Well, for Mike's sake, come to the point!"

Luckily for both it was tea that came to the point. Nurse Featherstonhaugh—mercifully pronounced Festonoh—looking superhuman in her smart uniform, placed the tray on a small table close to the bed. No waiter was to see the twins together! It might be fatal, and May would never have taken up her quarters in so public a place as an hotel if it had occurred to her beforehand to have Kay run over from Paris. But you can't think of everything in a crisis.

The instant that the statuesque figure in starched grey and white had done a fade-out—one hoped she was too noble to listen at key-holes—May harked back to the story while Kay wolfed thin bread and butter.

"It was the fault of that advertisement," the younger twin announced. "So *foxy* of Lady Seaweena to think of putting it into Australian papers to lure, yes *lure*, girls like us. Oh, don't trouble to interrupt, darling, with your mouth full. I know it didn't lure *you*. But you're older than I am. It's marvellous the difference fifteen minutes can make in two human beings' nature and outlook on life. Anyhow, there it was. It appealed to me like a dream come true: 'Titled Englishwoman, of highest position, prepared to present a girl of good birth, and chaperone her through London season, guaranteeing best introductions.' The chance seemed made for me, getting me away from thoughts of Dick Potter whom I *couldn't* help liking, though so unsuitable and sure to be a dead weight if I wanted to *get* anywhere. I felt that a London season would make me forget Dick, and fit me in the end for life anywhere.

"Well, dear, you'd already broken away from home and settled yourself in Paris. I cabled for particulars, and Lady Seaweena seemed perfect. In fact, she *was* perfect *then*. I mean on the surface, though I feel that underneath she had this terrible trick up her sleeve. I'm sure she meant to spring it, like a mouse out of a trap."

"So creepy to use your sleeve for a mousetrap," said Kay, with her mouth only half full, at last. "But I suppose she's going to turn out that kind of woman. I *did* warn you in several letters not to put your trust in titles at long distance, but, forgive me, I don't mean to begin any 'I told you so's'."

"Everything went well at first," May wailed. "Though how *could* I know that knights and their wives are nobody, and often spring from nothing higher than presenting *masses* of flannel petticoats to the poor, who, it seems, still wear them in England? No doubt they're the shape in whose best interest underclothes were invented. Of course, a knight's wife is called 'Lady' This or That. So deceiving, even to us in Australia, sounding as good as a Countess or a Marchioness! Sir George Seaweena had either parted with too many petticoats in order to get his title, or else he'd been caught in the general slump. Anyhow, he was hard up, which was why Lady Seaweena advertised.

"Heaven knows I didn't grudge her the money, though she wanted the *earth*, and father was a lamb about it. I suppose, at bottom, he was charmed to get rid of two grown daughters and live his own life at home, so he could look round for a new wife without interference. Men are like that."

"He could have got rid of *this* daughter any time the last two years," remarked Kay, "only I felt it my duty to stick like a postage stamp to you while you needed me. You are so young for your age, and mother left us such heaps of money."

"Precious, if you *will* keep on interrupting me, how can I untangle the mystery?" May pleaded, and Kay bit hard on a scone.

"The Seaweenas had—have—a smart house, as London houses go, if you don't worry too much about bathrooms," said May. "She's terribly well connected, the word they use so much here and look down their noses if you're not. That's where she gets her pull, knowing the right people, which Lady S. really does. She took Sir George because he was rich at the time. She was pre-War, and there are three million more women in England than men, poor dears! Any title in a storm was her motto. But she couldn't beat George down with her superior birth and sit on him for ever, simply because she's met the Prince of Wales once or twice. She thought she could go her own way, especially when George got poorish and she produced an Australian heiress as a paying investment. But George has that old idea about husbands' rights, and there was the most pestilent flare-up when Sarah went to Monte Carlo for the week-end with Lord John Alery. George is going to divorce her. He's got the best lawyers in London."

"Well," said Kay, brushing crumbs from her lap; "that's just

(Continued on p. 50)

THE PAGODA

From the painting by
CHARLES D. WARD
Exhibited in Royal
Academy, 1932

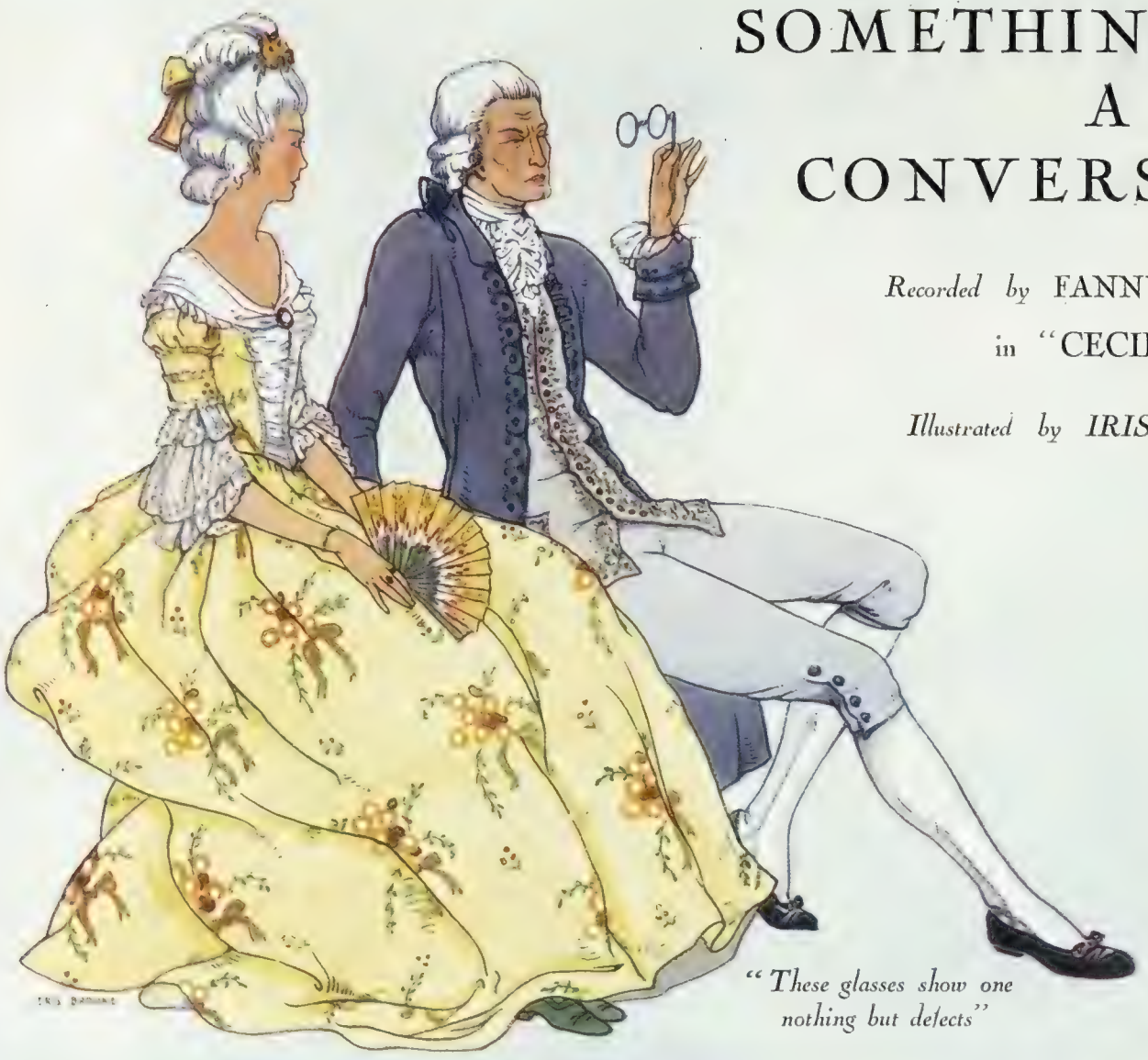
CORNFLOWERS
AND PEONIES

From the flower painting
by Y. TOHNO
in the Royal Academy
Exhibition, 1932

SOMETHING LIKE A CONVERSATION

Recorded by FANNY BURNEY
in "CECILIA"

Illustrated by IRIS BROOKE



"These glasses show one nothing but defects"

Soon after they were seated, Mr. Meadows, sauntering towards them, whispered something to Mrs. Mears, who, immediately rising, introduced him to Cecilia; after which, the place next to her being vacant, he cast himself upon it, and lolling as much at his ease as his situation would permit, began something like a conversation with her.

"Have you been long in town, ma'am?"

"No, sir."

"This is not your first winter?"

"Of being in town, it is."

"Then you have something new to see; O charming! how I envy you! Are you pleased with the Pantheon?"

"Very much; I have seen no building at all equal to it."

"You have not been abroad. Travelling is the ruin of all happiness! There's no looking at a building here after seeing Italy."

"Does all happiness, then, depend upon the sight of buildings?" said Cecilia, when, turning towards her companion, she perceived him yawning, with such evident inattention to her answer that, not choosing to interrupt his reverie, she turned her head another way.

For some minutes he took no notice of this; and then, as if suddenly recollecting himself, he called out hastily, "I beg your pardon, ma'am, you were saying something?"

"No, sir, nothing worth repeating."

"O pray don't punish me so severely as not to let me hear it!"

Cecilia, though merely not to seem offended at his negligence, was then again beginning an answer, when, looking at him as she spoke, she perceived that he was biting his nails with so absent an air, that he appeared not to know he had asked any question. She therefore broke off, and left him to his cogitation.

Some time after he addressed her again, saying, "Don't you find this place extremely tiresome, ma'am?"

"Yes, sir," said she, half laughing, "it is, indeed, not very entertaining."

"Nothing is entertaining," answered he, "for two minutes together. Things are so little different, one from another, that there is no making pleasure out of anything. We go the same dull round for ever; nothing new, no variety, all the same thing over again. Are you fond of public places, ma'am?"

"Yes, sir, *soberly*, as Lady Grace says."

"Then I envy you extremely, for you have some amusement always in your own power. How desirable that is."

"And have you not the same resources?"

"O no. I am tired to death; tired of everything. I would give the universe for a disposition less difficult to please. Yet, after all, what is there to give pleasure? When one has seen one thing, one has seen everything. O, 'tis heavy work. Don't you find it so, ma'am?"

This speech was ended with so violent a fit of yawning that Cecilia would not trouble herself to answer it; but her silence, as before, passed wholly unnoticed, exciting neither question nor comment.

A long pause now succeeded, which he broke at last by saying, as he writhed himself about upon his seat, "These forms would be much more agreeable if there were backs to them. 'Tis intolerable to be forced to sit like a schoolboy. The first study of life is ease. There is, indeed, no other study that pays the trouble of attainment. Don't you think so, ma'am?"

"But may not even that," said Cecilia, "by so much study, become labour?"

"I am vastly happy you think so."

"Sir?"

"I beg your pardon, ma'am, but I thought you said—I really beg your pardon, but I was thinking of something else."

"You did very right, sir," said Cecilia, laughing, "for what I said by no means merited any attention."

"Will you do me the favour to repeat it?" cried he, taking out his glass to examine some lady at a distance.

"O no," said Cecilia, "that would be trying your patience too severely."

"These glasses show one nothing but defects," said he; "I am sorry they were ever invented. They are the ruin of all beauty; no complexion can stand them. I believe that solo will never be over; I hate a solo; it sinks, it depresses me intolerably."

"You will presently, sir," said Cecilia, looking at the bill of the concert, "have a full piece: and that, I hope, will revive you."

"A full piece! oh insupportable! it stuns, it fatigues, it overpowers me beyond endurance! no taste in it, no delicacy, no room for the smallest feeling."

"Perhaps, then, you are only fond of singing?"

"I should be, if I could hear it; but we are now so miserably off in voices, that I hardly ever attempt to listen to a song without fancying myself deaf from the feebleness of the performers. I hate everything that requires attention. Nothing gives pleasure that does not force its own way."

"You only, then, like loud voices, and great powers?"

"O worse and worse! no, nothing is so disgusting to me. All my amazement is that these people think it worth while to give concerts at all; one is sick to death of music."

"Nay," cried Cecilia, "if it gives no pleasure, at least it takes none away; for, far from being any impediment to conversation, I think everybody talks more during the performance than between the acts. And what is there better you could substitute in its place?"

Cecilia, receiving no answer to this question, again looked round to see if she had been heard; when she observed her new acquaintance, with a very thoughtful air, had turned from her to fix his eyes upon the statue of Britannia.

Very soon after he hastily arose, and, seeming entirely to forget that he had spoken to her, very abruptly walked away.

THE JOY OF COLOUR

A CZECH PEASANT MAIDEN in all the wonder of her multi-coloured embroideries and her black and white sleeves

From the painting by
PHYLLIS DODD
exhibited in the 1932 Royal Academy Exhibition

Augusta was what her brother had described her to be of the middle size . . .

LETTER 3

LAURA TO MARIANNE.

As the Daughter of my most intimate freind I think you entitled to that knowledge of my unhappy story, which your Mother has so often solicited me to give you.

My Father was a native of Ireland and an inhabitant of Wales; my Mother was the natural Daughter of a Scotch Peer by an Italian Opera-girl—I was born in Spain and received my Education at a Convent in France.

When I reached my eighteenth Year I was recalled by my Parents to my paternal roof in Wales. Our mansion was situated in one of the most romantic parts of the Vale of Uske. Tho' my Charms are now considerably softened and somewhat impaired by the Misfortunes I have undergone, I was once beautiful. But lovely as I was the Graces of my Person were the least of my Perfections. Of every accomplishment accustomary to my sex I was Mistress. When in the Convent my progress had always exceeded my instructions, my Acquirements had been wonderfull for my age and I had shortly surpassed my Masters.

In my Mind, every Virtue that could adorn it was centered; it was the Rendez-vous of every good Quality and of every noble sentiment.

A sensibility too tremblingly alive to every affliction of my Friends, my Acquaintance, and particularly to every affliction of my own, was my only fault, if a fault it could be called. Alas! how altered now! Tho', indeed, my own Misfortunes do not make less impression on me than they ever did, yet now I never feel for those of another. My accomplishments, too, begin to fade—I can neither sing so well nor Dance so gracefully as I once did—and I have entirely forgot the "Minuet De la Cour."

Adeiu, LAURA.

LETTER 5

LAURA TO MARIANNE.

One Evening in December as my Father, my Mother, and myself, were arranged in social converse round our Fireside, we were on a sudden, greatly astonished by hearing a violent knocking on the outward door of our rustic Cot.

My Father started—"What noise is that?" (said he). "It sounds like a loud rapping at the door," (replied my Mother). "It does indeed," (cried I). "I am of your opinion," (said my Father); "it certainly does appear to proceed from some uncommon violence exerted against our unoffending door." "Yes," (exclaimed I), "I cannot help thinking it must be somebody who knocks for admittance."

LOVE AND

"That is another point," (replied he); "We must not pretend to determine on what motive the person may knock—tho' that someone *does* rap at the door, I am partly convinced."

Here a 2d tremendous rap interrupted my Father in his speech, and somewhat alarmed my Mother and me.

"Had we not better go and see who it is?" (said she), "the servants are out." "I think we had" (replied I). "Certainly" (added my Father), "by all means." "Shall we go now?" (said my Mother). "The sooner the better," (answered he). "Oh! let no time be lost," (cried I).

A third more violent Rap than ever again assaulted our ears. "I am certain there is somebody knocking at the Door" (said my Mother). "I think there must" (replied my Father). "I fancy the servants are returned" (said I); "I think I hear Mary going to the Door." "I'm glad of it" (cried my Father), "for I long to know who it is."

I was right in my conjecture; for Mary instantly entering the Room, informed us that a young Gentleman and his Servant were at the door, who had lossed their way, were very cold, and begged leave to warm themselves by our fire.

"Won't you admit them?" (said I). "You have no objection, my Dear?" (said my Father). "None in the World" (replied my Mother).

Mary, without waiting for any further commands immediately left the room and quickly returned introducing the most beauteous and amiable Youth I had ever beheld. The servant, she kept to herself.

My natural sensibility had already been greatly affected by the sufferings of the unfortunate stranger, and no sooner did I first behold him, than I felt that on him the happiness or Misery of my future Life must depend.

Adeiu, LAURA.

LETTER 6

LAURA TO MARIANNE.

The noble Youth informed us that his name was Lindsay—for particular reasons, however, I shall conceal it under that of Talbot. He told us that he was the son of an English Baronet, that his Mother had been many years no more, and that he had a Sister of the middle size. "My Father" (he continued) "is a mean and mercenary wretch—it is only to such

Did you then never feel the pleasing Pangs of Love

FREINDSHIP:

By JANE AUSTEN

Extracts from the Delicious Fantasy by the Famous Author of "Sense and Sensibility"

"Love and Freindship" is said to have been written by Jane Austen at the age of seventeen, but it was only published a few years ago. It is a fascinating burlesque of the sentimental novel of the period. It recounts the fantastic history of four young people, whose chief object in life seems to have been the possession of what was considered the proper sentiment for the moment. These extracts are from the opening portion of the narrative. In the story sentiment collides catastrophically with the bald facts of life, and the heroine concludes by taking up her residence in a romantic village in the Highlands of Scotland "where I can, uninterrupted by unmeaning visits, indulge in a melancholy solitude, my unceasing lamentations for the Death of my Father, my Mother, my Husband, and my Freind"

Specially Illustrated for this Christmas Number by EILEEN MAYO

particular friends as this Dear Party that I would thus betray his failings. Your Virtues, my amiable Polydore" (addressing himself to my father) "yours, Dear Claudia, and yours, my Charming Laura, call on me to repose in you my confidence." We bowed. "My Father, seduced by the false glare of Fortune and the Deluding Pomp of Title, insisted on my giving my hand to Lady Dorothea. No, never, exclaimed I. Lady Dorothea is lovely and Engaging; I prefer no woman to her; but know, Sir, that I scorn to marry in compliance with your Wishes. No! Never shall it be said that I obliged my Father."

Adeiu, LAURA.

LETTER 7

LAURA TO MARIANNE.

We remained but a few days after our Marriage, in the Vale of Uske. After taking an affecting Farewell of my Father, my Mother, and my Isabel, I accompanied Edward to his Aunt's in Middlesex. Philippa received us both with every expression of affectionate Love. My arrival was indeed a most agreeable surprise to her as she had not only been totally ignorant of my Marriage with her Nephew, but had never even had the slightest idea of there being such a person in the World.

Announced by the name of "Lady Dorothea" . . .

Augusta, the sister of Edward, was on a visit to her when we arrived. I found her exactly what her Brother had described her to be—of the middle size. She received me with equal surprise though not with equal Cordiality, as Philippa. There was a disagreeable coldness and Forbidding Reserve in her reception of me which was equally distressing and Unexpected. None of that interesting Sensibility or amiable simpathy in her manners and Address to me when we first met which should have distinguished our introduction to each other. Her Language was neither warm nor affectionate, her expressions of regard were neither animated nor cordial; her arms were neither opened to receive me to her heart, tho' mine were extended to press her to mine.

A short Conversation between Augusta and her Brother, which I accidentally overheard encreased my dislike to her, and convinced me that her Heart was no more formed for the soft ties of Love than for the endearing intercourse of Friendship.

"But do you think that my Father will ever be reconciled to this imprudent connection?" (said Augusta).

"Augusta" (replied the noble Youth), "I thought you had a better opinion of me, than to imagine I would so abjectly degrade myself as to consider my Father's Concurrence in any of my affairs either of Consequence or concern to me. Tell me Augusta, tell me with sincerity; did you ever know me consult his inclinations or follow his Advice in the least trifling Particular since the age of fifteen?"

"Edward" (replied she), "you are surely too diffident in your own praise. Since you were fifteen only! My Dear Brother, since you were five years old, I entirely acquit you of ever having willingly contributed to the satisfaction of your Father. But still, I am not without apprehensions of your being shortly obliged to degrade yourself in your own eyes by seeking a support for your wife in the Generosity of Sir Edward."

"Never, never Augusta will I so demean myself" (said Edward). "Support! What support will Laura want which she can receive from him?"

"Only those very significant ones of Victuals and Drink" (answered she).

(Continued on a later page)

A short conversation between Augusta and her brother which I accidentally overheard . . .

REAL LIFE in the MIDDLE AGES

What were People Like in the Days before Henry and Elizabeth?

by

Mary Crosbie

Your mother might have looked like this

Roger van der Weyden has immortalized the fashionable head-dresses of the mid-fifteenth century. This delightful example has a band of gauze across the forehead, falling in two streamers

Pepys has made the later Stuarts companionable and Van Dyck has given us an agreeable vision of their fathers. The Tudors, too, are robustly alive. They lived in houses that are standing yet. We may dine in their panelled halls and gaze in wonder at their huge beds or, sitting on their joint stools, share the hard perch with Shakespeare and Raleigh. But the Middle Ages seem as distant as a procession. They are enshrined in illuminated manuscripts and petrified in marble. They lived, it might seem, in full armour, or an attitude of prayer. They now lie, stiff and featureless, on battered tombs in old churches. While they lived they said "forsooth" and, dying, are expressed in a Latin epitaph. Their homes are ivied ruins or so changed by sanitation that the former tenants would not know them. You could shake hands with Pepys' friends or with the men and women Holbein painted. But they of the Middle Ages are stiff little bright-hued figures in a Book of Hours, or kneel, in company with haloed saints, before an Italian Madonna.

Your womenfolk undoubtedly played chess. Here is one of them doing it. She is wearing the wide fifteenth-century sleeves

or your mother might have looked like this:

It is to the Flamands one must turn for the Northern fashions of the period. This Memling emphasizes the décolletage and the plucked forehead that were contemporary with the steeple head-dress

Yet once they were as we are, civilization's ultimatum. They were the Present and could look back to a past in which Noah and King Arthur, Virgil (necromancer rather than poet), Æneas (ancestor of anybody with a taste for ancestry), Adam, Eve, the Serpent, and King Herod were housed in animated confusion. As to the Future, it was to be lived in Heaven or Hell, which were as solid as the world in which they traded and fought, begot their children, and sowed their fields.

And here is the first proof of their reality—the elders among them thought their world changed for the worse. That world of four hundred years ago has this touching proof of actuality—resentment of the new. Grandfathers shook their heads over such innovations as chimneys, and wheezed reminiscences of the healthful smoke that used to blow about the hall, and was so strengthening to the lungs and to all virtue. Grey-haired knights (not so very grey, perhaps, for wars and plague and the headsman kept the average age low) were indignant to see the base, clerkly

(Continued on p. 22)

The gardens of the fifteenth century were delicious pleasaunces divided by trellis-work screens and flower-entwined fencing. They were studded with raised grassy seats

This fashionably-dressed donor sits on the left-hand side of the composition reading a Book of Hours. She is wearing the steeple head-dress with the gauze veiling that was the *dernier cri* of the fifteenth century

Drawn by C. WALTER HODGES

REAL LIFE IN THE MIDDLE AGES

Coaxing the Guest to Sing

Everyone was expected to contribute something to the amusement of the evening — it was an age of amateur entertainment, with very occasional professional help. On ordinary occasions of hospitality, each guest was expected to help in the evening's entertainment, if necessary. It might be a song, a story, or some little musical interlude

Real Life in drawn from documentary

(Continued

~~The School~~, the pupils of which endured many be-lashings, but they continued to love an apple more than gold

streets as they were when suffragettes fought policemen, or Mrs. Amelia Bloomer walked forth in Turkish trousers.

Women have always been a rich occasion for criticism. They were so then. "Ye women never let your mouths rest from unprofitable babble," said a more than ordinarily vociferous preacher. "One complains to another of her maid-servant, how greedy she is of sleep and how loth to work; another tells of her husband, a third of her children, how this one is a weariness and that one thriveth not." And again—"In order that ye may compass men's praise, ye spend all your labour on your garments, on your veils, and your kirtles. Many of you pay as much to the semptress as the cost of the cloth itself; it must have shields on the shoulders, it must be flounced and tucked all round the hem; it is not enough for you to show your pride in your very buttonholes, but you must also send your feet to hell by special torments."

accomplishment of reading taint the nobility, and foretold the decline of our English hardihood. Bishops preached against modern luxuriousness; against long sleeves which they likened to "pokys, like bagpipes" (even servants had taken to them, and allowed them to trail into the soup when waiting at table, thus letting their sleeves get first taste); against long hair that made men look like "filthy goats"; one preacher descended from the pulpit and cropped his congregation on the spot; and, of course, against women, their monstrous head-dresses, their painted faces, and all the evil lures native to them since Eve tempted Adam. Women were as much in the news when Eleanor of Gloucester for witchcraft, and Shore's wife for whoredom — "proper she was and fayre, nothing in her bodie that you would have chaunged, but if you would have wished hir somewhat higher"— did penance in London

The Levee, a cardinal feature of which was the daily use of a metal ewer and basin for the ablution of face, hands, and teeth. Nothing was said in the books of etiquette on the subject of baths

The Journey was accomplished by womenfolk in a carriage with curtained windows

"When thou shouldest be busy in the house with something needful for the goodman or for thyself or thy children or thy guests, thou art busy instead with thy hair, thou art careful whether thy sleeves sit well or thy veil or thy head-dress." The Knight of La Tour Landry, as excellent a father of daughters in the fourteenth century as Dr. Gregory of Edinburgh in the eighteenth and as apt in advice, said that modern girls took so long in dressing that they were generally late for church—not that he disapproved of Sunday clothes. He once knew a lady who dressed herself finely for feasts and visits and thought old clothes good enough for church and, in consequence, was seized with paralysis. We even have the mediæval equivalent of the pampered peke, "little and prettie, proper and fine, and sought far and neere to satisfie the nice delicacie of daintie dames . . . instruments of follie to play and dallie withal, in trifling away the treasure of time to withdraw their minds from more commendable exercises, a sillie, poore shift to shun their irksome idleness.

"These puppies, the smaller they be the better they are accepted, as meet plaiefellows for mincing mistresses to beare in their bosoms, to succour with sleep in bed, and nourish with meate at board, to lie in their laps and licke their lips as they lie in their wagons and coches . . . . yea, they oft feed them of the best where the poore man's child at their doores can hardly come by the worst." Isn't that reproach the sort of thing to make you feel at home in the Middle Ages? It is as comfortably familiar as the discovery that two of the Earl of Warwick's shirts were "lost at the landry at Ely House," and another "changed at wasshyng."

the Middle Ages evidence by Gladys Rees

from p. 20)

The comforts of home gather snugly about you when you know that profiteers profited, and other people rebuked them, in the days of chivalry. "Ye that work in clothing, silks, or wool, or fur, shoes or gloves or girdles . . . should so serve as to do your work truly, not to steal half of the cloth, or use other guile, mixing hair with your wool. . . . . Nowadays no man can find a good hat for thy falsehood. The rain will pour down through the brim into his bosom." Nowadays! Their day, like ours, was as much amiss as alive.

A baker sold loaves below the proper weight, and was drawn on a hurdle through the streets with the short-weight loaf hung round his neck. A fish-wife sold stale fish, and was put in the stocks, and her stale fish burned under her nose. There were astrologers instead of psycho-analysts, hanging, drawing, and quartering instead of dirt-track racing, bear-baiting or the pillory instead of fox-hunting—little was missing from the full human scene. Money "talked." There were lawyers "plentiful as tabby cats" at Westminster Hall, but they would not take up your case "for Mary's love, that holy mayde," and indeed, why should they?

The Advice given to a daughter by her mother was to follow the fashions suitable to her station and not to imitate the foreign modes which even then constantly attempted invasion

The Dinner-table was laden with pewter plates. It was not until the introduction of carpets that delicate treatment of food and dainty table manners became obligatory

Thow if I have a man i-slewe
And forfetyd the kinges lawe
I shall fynden a man of lawe
Wyl takyn my peny and let me goo.

The mediæval baby wept as loud as the modern, and no louder, on coming into the world, and was as well received. In a manuscript in the British Museum there is a picture of a lady's bed-chamber on what the Victorians called an interesting occasion. The lady lies in a handsome bed—you may remember Chaucer's

Of downe of pure dovis white
I wol yeve him a fether bed. . . .
And many a pillowe.

This lady evidently has "many a pillowe" and sheets and blankets as well, and a rich coverlet and curtains. The floor is covered with something like carpet. There is a rug in front of the fire, a table covered with a cloth on which stand some flagons and bowls, a cushioned chair at the bedside. The nurse sits before the wide fire holding the baby. Two ladies in horned head-dresses are presenting something to the mother—christening gifts, perhaps—("*un mantel d'escarlate et d'ermine foure*" is mentioned somewhere as a godparent's gift), and a third is plainly warning her not to excite herself. The whole scene suggests comfort, warmth, and friendliness. Whether the baby enjoyed being wound up in swaddling bands like a little mummy may be doubted, but swaddled he was to make his limbs straight and so he would be exhibited to an admiring friend (as is shown on the cover of this number.) We call this swaddling a mediæval idea. But the wisdom of protecting a baby's eyes from strong light and of giving him clean milk is still allowed—and that, too, was a mediæval idea.

When this fourteenth or fifteenth-century baby cast his swaddling bands and came to childhood, he would find plenty of games awaiting him—hot cockles and hoodman-blind, kite-flying, rackets. He would be taught to play chess at an early age if he were of the knightly class; it was the great indoor game of the age of chivalry, and was reckoned too difficult

(Continued on a later page)

The Fashion of gigantic head-dresses withstood all criticism until the ridicule of the street urchins killed it

THE VETERAN

From the painting by STANLEY ROYLE exhibited at the Fine Art Society's Galleries

FROLIC AT THE VILLAGE POND

From the water-colour drawing by DIANA PULLINGER, exhibited at the Royal Academy, 1932

WINTER IN SURREY

J. Dixon Scott

Carting fodder from the fields to the farmyard during a spell of icy weather—a view taken close to the Pilgrims' Way and Newlands Corner

SNOW IN SCOTLAND

A scene on the Braidburn at Blackford Hill, Edinburgh, the view point described in Scott's "Marmion"

"SEATED ONE DAY in the PARK"

An Interlude in Four Acts

Act I:

He: *(in the manner of Eugene O'Neill.)* What a most attractive girl I I'd better keep my eyes turned away.

She: Sit still, there's a good dog.

The Dog: Grrrr.

He: Dare I? *(remembering "The Girl on the Boat.")* Dog. Conciliate. Faint heart, etc.

The Dog: Woof woof *(meaning "I like the smell of tweeds").*

She: Be quiet, Gyp.

He: *(Smiles diffidently as if at his thoughts.)*

The Dog: Mmmm *(a whine of restlessness meaning "I must make something happen. It's too darned dull sitting here").*

Act II:

He: Was it a nice dog, then? Shake hands.

She: Don't, Gyp.

He: He's no worry to me. Good dog.

The Dog: Yap yap *(meaning "Now I've started something").*

Act III:

She: *(arch but shy.)* Do you like dogs?

He: *(with empressement.)* I love them *(à la O'Neill)* and their owners.

The Dog: Chrm chrm *(meaning "Things holding the same thing will soon be holding each other").*

Act IV:

The Dog *(solus)*: Bow wow *(meaning "That's all the thanks I get. It's a dog's life!")*

Dramatis Personæ:

He
She
and The Dog

1872

1902

THREE CHRISTMASES

as seen

by IRWIN RECHENBERG

CHRISTMAS, 1932

The Steel Age

EILWARD OF WESTONING

A Miracle of St. Thomas à Becket

—(Continued from p. 11)

week he was again tried on the charge of stealing simply the grindstone and the gloves. For the accuser, fearing to undergo the ordeal of battle demanded by the accused, condemned by silence all his previous charges, and—having on his side the viscount and the judges—managed to free himself from obligation to fight, and to secure that the accused should be tried by ordeal of water.

Now it was the Sabbath, and the examination was put oft till the third day of the following week, he himself being again kept in prison, and not allowed by the cruelty of his keeper to keep vigil in the church—a right conceded by the compassion of religion to all that are to purge themselves by ordeal from criminal charge. In prison, however, he devoutly kept the watch that he was not allowed to keep in the church.

When brought out to the water-ordeal, he was met by the village priest, who exhorted him to bear all patiently, looking to remission of sins, to entertain no anger in his heart, to forgive all his enemies heartily, and not to despair of the compassion of God. He replied, "May the will of God and the Martyr Thomas be fulfilled in me."

When plunged into the water he was found guilty. The beadle, Fulk, now seized him, saying, "This way, rascal, this way!" "Thanks be to God," said the other, "and to the holy Martyr Thomas!" Dragged to the place of execution, he was deprived of his eyes, and also mutilated according to the law. As for his left eye, they at once extracted that, whole; as for the right, after being lacerated and chopped to pieces it was at last with difficulty gouged out. The members of which he had been deprived by mutilation they hid under the sod; and (in accordance with what is read about the man that "fell among robbers") they stripped him, and, after inflicting wounds on him as aforesaid, they "departed, leaving him half dead."

He was mutilated by his accuser Fulk, and the official of the same name (by whose suggestion and advice the man is believed to have been brought into this misery), and also by two other executioners with them; whom, however, when they asked pardon, for the love of God and St. Thomas the Martyr, he freely forgave, crying aloud that he would go to the Martyr's memorial, blind though he was, and persisting in the cry with a wonderful faith—knowing that it was more glorious for the Martyr to restore eyes that had been taken away than to preserve them when not taken.

He was attended by none but his daughter, twelve years old, who had also begged food for him when in prison. For as all his goods were confiscated, all his friends spurned him, and there was no one, of all those dear to him, to take compassion on him. Such a stream of blood gushed from his wounds that, in fear of his death, those who were present sent for a priest. To him he confessed. By degrees, however, when the flow of blood was assuaged, led by the little girl, he returned to Bedford, where he threw himself down against the wall of a house; and all that day, till evening, no man showed him kindness. But at nightfall, one Eilbricht took compassion on him, and willingly welcomed him into his house from the cold and rain.

There, after many vigils and prayers, in the first watch of the tenth night, he whom he had invoked appeared to Eilward in his sleep, clothed in snow-white garments, with his pastoral staff painting the sign of the cross on his forehead and on his eyeless sockets. A second time he appeared, before dawn, bidding him persevere in watching and praying, and place his hope

"ANOTHER LITTLE DRINK": The owner reports that this little Sealyham is an excellent little sport and up to any game that's going

SMOKE WITHOUT FIRE! A youthful canine grandfather enjoys his post-bone pipe, while horn-rimmed glasses complete the illusion

in God, and the blessed Virgin Mary, and St. Thomas who had come to visit him: "If, on the night of the morrow, thou keep watch with a waxen light before the altar of the blessed Mary in her church close by, and devote thyself to prayer, in faith, and without doubting, thou shalt be gladdened by the restoration of thine eyes." The maid-servant also had a similar dream. When she told it to Eilward, he replied, "So it may be when it shall please God and His blessed Martyr, Thomas."

When it was growing toward evening and the sun was toward setting, the eyelids of his left eye began to itch. In order to scratch them, he removed a waxen poultice which had been applied, either for the purpose of drawing out the purulent matter of the empty orbs, or for the purpose of closing the eyelids themselves; and, as by the wonderful power of God, he opened his eyelids, there was seen to shine in on the house-wall in front of him as it were the brightness of a lantern: for it was the red sunlight, since the sun was by this time verging toward his going down. But he, ignorant of the truth and distrusting himself about the matter, called the master of the house, and showed him his fancy. "You are mad, Eilward, you are mad," replied his host. "Be silent! You know not what you are saying." "Sir," he said, "I assure you I am not mad: but I verily seem to myself to see as I say with my left eye." Shaken in his mind, and anxious to ascertain the truth, his host spread out his hand before his eyes and said to him, "Do you see that which I am doing?" He answered, "Your hand is moved before my eyes and drawn this way and that." Then he told Eilbricht, in order, all about his visions, and the precepts or promises he had received.

The thing was noised abroad. A multitude collected, and, among them, Osbern the dean—who had control, or rather service, of the above-mentioned church. He brought the good man before the altar, instructed and strengthened his faith, and then placed a light in his hand. As soon as this was done, Eilward declared he distinctly saw the altar cloth; then the image of the blessed Virgin Mary; then, objects of smaller size.

The people marvelled more and more. Presently, testing the source of his sight, they detect two very small pupils latent, deep in the head, scarcely as large as the pupils of the eye of a little bird. These, also, incessantly increasing, prolonged by their slow augmentation the wonder of all that beheld them. The shouts of the people go up to heaven; they give God due praise; the bells are set ringing; crowds flock in from their beds; keeping vigil with their brother who had received the gift of light, they sleeplessly await the light of the sun.

In the morning, the whole of the town gathered together and then, examining the man more closely, they found that whereas before both his eyes were parti-coloured, now he had one parti-coloured, but the other quite black. Now came, among others, the priest of St. John's Church, the same who had received Eilward's confession after mutilation. When he beheld the wonderful miracle of God, "Why," said he, "do we wait for papal precept? No more delaying for me! This very moment will I begin, and conduct to the end, a solemn service, in the name of Thomas, the glorious friend of God, since in truth he is a martyr beyond price. Who can hesitate to give the name of martyr to one who does such mighty and such merciful deeds?" So he ran to his church, set the bells ringing, and was as good as his word.

Now no longer bereft of light but bedecked therewith, even as he had been dragged with ignominy through the midst of the town to endure his punishment, so now through the self-same street, amid the praise and applause of the people, he was led back to the Church of St. Paul, where also he passed the eve of the Lord's Day in vigil. Departing thence, he hastened his journey to St. Thomas, the author of his restoration. Whatever gifts folk gave him, he bestowed on the poor, for love of the Martyr. . . .

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LITTLE FAIRIES Prepare for the CHRISTMAS FOOTLIGHTS

Tying the Ballet Shoe

From a camera study

Another Pair of Tip-toe Fairies

Add the final touches

A VAGABOND CHRISTMAS

or When Dreams Come True

Illustrated by
HAILSTONE

TEMPTATION:

"I am as vigilant as a cat to steal cream."
—Shakespeare.

A Tale of a Jug of Cream

(1) CONTEMPLATION: "If 'twere done when 'tis done, then 'twere well it were done quickly"

(4) ESTIMATION: "And even now to crown my thoughts with act, be it thought and done"

(2) INVESTIGATION: "It is the *creamy* business that informs thus to my—nose!"

(5) APPRECIATION: "Now good digestion wait on appetite and health on both!"

(3) HESITATION: "Letting 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would,' like the poor cat i' the adage"

(6) SATURATION! "It is too full o' the milk of human kindness. . . . And damn'd be he that first cries 'Hold, enough'!"

With Dialogue by Grimalkin of "Macbeth"

REAL LIFE IN THE MIDDLE AGES

(Continued from p. 23)

A dark velvet band surrounded the forehead of this lady painted by Dirk Bouts

An attractive velvet headdress framed the face of this model who posed to Jan Joest

A double-winged headdress with elaborate side panels adorned the lady in Petrus Christus's picture at Cologne

for the working folk. If he was a townsboy, and was sent to school, he would be industrious or idle, play truant, make verses about his master and be well and truly beaten. Agnes Paston, in one of the famous *Paston Letters*, bids her son's tutor "truly belash him till he will amend," and such was the general method of teaching the young, though here and there more enlightened ideas dawned; in Italy, for instance, where Vittorino da Feltre took his scholars for country walks, and talked to them of things beyond grammar. Be-lashed as he was, the English boy managed to keep up his spirits. In a book of dialogues written in these Middle Ages one boy is made to say, "We will play with a ball full of wynd"—which must be an early allusion to soccer—"He hit me in the yie with a tenys ball." "He ruffelled all the game with his boistrusness," as boys may do even now. There was also the slightly pampered boy, for little Francis Willoughby, who was apparently "educated at home," was given "sugar plate and great confettes to make hym larn his book."

The boy's sister found life full enough, too. Those blank-eyed ladies who lie by their husbands on tombs, with long plaits under their wimples, or who listen to viols and lutes in a strange perspective of garden did not know that department stores and two-seater cars were to come. They lacked nothing that they knew, and knowing no lack, felt none. They had the tales of the troubadours, and so did not miss Mudie's. A pilgrimage to Our Lady of Walsingham, or to the "holy blissful martyr" of Canterbury was quite as amusing as a week-end at Deauville. They danced, sang, played chess and draughts, hunted the deer, flew their own falcons, kept pets—a bishop had to reprove certain nuns for bringing their pets to church—worked with the needle, distilled cordials, ordered new clothes—and, of course exhibited herself in positively-the-newest-thing-my-dear to an admiring friend. These ladies travelled on horseback or in a clumsy-hooded wagon called a "coche"—slowly, compared with our mechanized age, but they travelled as far as from Yorkshire to London. Their houses were well furnished, though their rush-strewn floors were inconceivably filthy. The lady who lies in bed while her waiting woman brings her a bowl of scented water in which to wash her hands has every luxury a woman can desire—if her desires are limited by her knowledge—though it may be noticed that she has no nightgown; all medieval persons who did not sleep in their clothes slept naked.

They had, men and women alike, their code of polite behaviour. It was not precisely ours, but it was the accepted rule of good breeding in those Middle Ages. There were no forks—Piers Gaveston, the favourite of Edward II had one, but he was sacriligiously advanced—and fingers got very greasy managing the meat with a knife. Yet Chaucer's Madame Eglantine could do it with exquisite neatness and "let no morsel from her lippes falle." In the *Boke of Curtsaye* you were told all about it—not to stuff your mouth too full, not to eat on both sides of your mouth (to do this seems impossible, but the gentleman in the picture is doing it, to the horror of his hosts), not to make a noise eating (probably he is doing that, too), not to "blow upon your meat" nor wipe hands or nose upon the tablecloth. That these things should be forbidden shows that they were sometimes done, but shows also that they shocked the better instructed.

Life was not dull in the castle or the busy town, whatever it was for the toiling hind. You get a glimpse of that side of medieval reality in Chaucer's "poor widwe" the owner of bright Chanticleer and the little hen, Pertelote—and anyone who reads Chaucer knows the actuality of the Middle Ages; his people are as solidly alive as those you meet in a 'bus. You get another and more bitter glimpse of poverty in Langland, to whose poor folk a farthing's worth of mussels is a feast. But the very poor are much alike in all ages. To furnish the Middle Ages with its own modernity you must look at the life of castle and hall. You will find its preoccupations curiously familiar. The master of the house is planning new kennels for his hounds—the "lodging room" to be ten fathoms long and five broad, with one door in front and another behind, leading into a grassy court. There is to be a loft over the "room" and a "childe" to live there "to prevent quarrels among the dogs." You will be asked to play chess in the evening, or, if it is summertime, to go into the courtyard to see some strolling tumblers juggle with swords and hear a gleemaiden sing a none too delicate song of love. You may learn when your host gets talking of the service by which he holds some of his many manors—by giving to the king once a year a hundred herrings baked in pasties, or a penny for his oblation when he hears Mass, or by undertaking "as often as our lord the king would cross the sea to go along with him, to hold his head on the sea if it were needful." You may be asked to sing or play after supper—and, if you are that sort of person, you will protest that you have a cold and hope for further urging. And you may hear the news from London way—how a falcon was actually stolen from her perch in the cloisters of the Abbey of Bermondsey, and the Abbot has excommunicated—but not caught—the thieves. And your hostess may tell you that Aunt Alianora still insists on wearing those ridiculous high headdresses, though they are really quite mouldily out of date and the very boys in the street hoot at them—and once the preachers vociferated without effect about "horned snails and unicorns" when these headdresses were new!

Life was as busy, as tiresome, as exciting, as little, then as now. It was, in fact, Life.

This double-winged headdress of fine gauze was fixed to a crown of the utmost delicacy

Very prim was this belted lady who sits in her fur-trimmed robe in this painting in Brussels

These two exquisites wore low-cut bodices with delicate lockets and chains. Prado Museum

A cornucopia-shaped headdress was worn by the wife of the money changer in Marinus van Roymerswales' picture in Florence

Ghost: If only I had a body to put it in!

The Body-Building power of Bovril has been proved by independent scientific tests on human beings to be from 10 to 20 times the amount of Bovril taken. Bovril gives fitness without fatness.

THE EMPTY BED

A Romance of the Age of the Duel

By G. H. W. RAMSEY

■ Monsieur le Vicomte de Carmagne tilted his wine down his throat, tilted his hat over his eye, tilted his sword at his hip, and made his way out of the inn. Monsieur le Vicomte de Carmagne was blind with rage.

He cursed his father—that impractical old saint, who had endowed church after church with his mortgaged lands. He cursed his grandfather, that lusty old sinner, who had endowed mistress after mistress with his broadcast jewels. Most of all, he cursed himself. What use that he had taken his sword half over Europe winning thereby a deal of glory and an estate for his services—when Hélène de la Vallée was to wed the following day?

It had been so easy, had his grandfather been less passionate or his father less devout. By birth her equal, by tastes her companion, by environment her neighbour, by fate her mate . . . but, by command of His Most Graceless and Unchristian Majesty King Louis XV, by his poverty, her dream—and nothing more.

La Belle Hélène was the only one of the Queen's ladies—so, truthfully for once, spake the lying jade—whose favour was not gained by kissing. But La Belle Hélène was the next day, by express command of the King, to bestow her virgin beauty upon Monsieur le Duc de la Tour d'Azure, who gained most things he wanted by his purse, and what that failed to achieve, by his sword.

It needed only the fact that on his mad course to Paris at the end of the campaign he halted, unknowing, within the shadow of the ducal castle—*en fête* for the ceremony of the morrow—and heard from the gross lips of the inn-keeper the name of the bride, to head with the supreme irony of fate the bitter cup de Carmagne had to drink.

Still, he was not a soldier for nothing. He knew well how best to extricate himself from an untenable position.

He ran through his fingers the pearl necklace he had torn from the neck of the Tuscan prince—a gift he had nightly visioned himself as clasping round that exquisite ivory column that was the throat of Hélène to seal it with the kiss of formal betrothal—and called at the tavern door for ink-horn and quill. At least, La Belle Hélène should go to her marriage bearing about her throat a gift still cold with the chill of the virgin sea and aflame with the touch of his lips.

■ As the pot-boy ran to fulfil his command, the sharp ears of de Carmagne caught the rumble and thud of a coach and four. It swirled up to the door, the horses flecked with the foam of their furious pace, the panels, with their blazon ensigned of a coronet, smothered in mud. A figure that held in it all the arrogance of unchallenged privilege, towering, commanding, and, in some subtle fashion, menacing, stepped out, pushed past the soldier and strode into the inn.

A voice with an edge like that of his sword rang out. "A bumper of cognac—and send my baggage to my coach."

The Vicomte de Carmagne stiffened like a pointer at the scent of game. What was this premier nobleman of France doing on his wedding eve in a tavern a stone's throw from his château and the comfort of its famous, infamous cellars? What "baggage" was this left, to be called for at this late hour, at a village inn? What meant this bumper of cognac, this edged voice of the not quite sober, this impalpable but unmistakable atmosphere of carousal on the eve of his wedding to La Belle Hélène? For the voice was the voice of de la Tour d'Azure! De Carmagne had heard it too often—on the field of honour where he was always victorious, in the lists of dishonour where he never lost—to be mistaken.

De Carmagne moved forward and glanced into the great *berline*. Baggage, forsooth! The Duc—even as the Vicomte—had travelled in Albion and had picked up English puns! A flashing black eye and a lip too red by far told him the quality of that cargo.

The soldier's eyes hardened. His lips turned to a thin line.

A Tuscan Prince could have warned de la Tour d'Azure to beware of that expression, did he not lie beneath the tons of porphyry of his Tuscan tomb. A Polish captain could have told him how little a lance availed against the man who bore that set rigidity upon his face. A hussar of Hungary might have said that against the man, with eyes veiled in lashes like a sword in its sheath, the most skilful sabre-play was wasted. But the lancer and the cuirassier lay stark, staring sightlessly at the frosty stars.

Bumper in hand, the Duc came to the door. He tapped the figure blocking it peremptorily on the shoulder with his riding whip. "Make way," he said with insolence.

The soldier turned. All trace of anger was wiped from his face. A smile curved his mouth, yet did not soften his eyes. "De la Tour d'Azure—*le bienvenu!*"

The Duc was delighted. It added to his espousals just the fillip of cruelty that entranced him, that the man who had likely been his successful rival should witness his triumph; that the man he knew well his bride had wished and, he suspected, still wished to wed should be present at her marriage—as a wedding guest.

■ The invitation was given with a smile and accepted with a bow. With the exquisite politeness of the noblesse, the Duc handed the soldier into the coach. With the imperturbable insolence that twenty years thence was to plunge France into a sea of blood, he began to talk of the pretty strumpet who sat between them as if she were not there, or were (as she was) no more to him than a convenient divan.

"Marriage to-morrow, Vicomte. Marriage, and duty, and love." The lascivious mouth curved disdainfully. "Passion to-night."

"*Vraiment?* With Mademoiselle your fiancée, in the château?"

"*Tiens!* A soldier and squeamish?"

"I was not in the ranks, my dear Duc." So soft was the voice, so bland the air, that the great duellist's hand that had slid to his sword slid away again.

"Mademoiselle will be in her own wing. You, of course, will join *us*. One's last night of freedom should be spent in good company."

"And you, my dear Duc?"

"Shall be with you until I find the charms of this pretty little body"—he flicked it tolerantly with his glove—"call me more strongly than the bouquet of my Chambertin or the hazard of the dice."

"She awaits your pleasure then?"

"Yes." The lascivious mouth curved in the corrupt face. "She awaits my pleasure in my marriage-bed, which adds a piquancy to the affair."

The coach swirled into the gates and pulled up at the mansion. The Duc handed the soldier out of the coach, but the soldier waited by the open door.

"Mademoiselle," he said and bowed. He offered his hand, back upward, and handed the little bride of a night out of the coach as if she had been a duchess.

"It's a mistake to treat *canaille* as if they were humans, my dear Vicomte."

"Sometimes it's a mistake to treat humans as if they were *canaille*, my dear Duc."

■ "It is a tradition of my house," said the Duc over his fifth bottle of his priceless Chambertin, "that the bride must come to the ducal *levée*." He summoned the evil-browed but efficient Italian who acted as his major-domo. "See that my baggage is out of my room by eight."

A grave inclination of the head, a murmur to the *valet de chambre*, and the arrangement was made. It did not pay a servant of the noblesse in the middle of the eighteenth century in France to make mistakes. De la Tour d'Azure had much in common with his cousin of Aquitaine who, it is said, claimed the ancient privilege of killing, on his return from the hunt, not more than two serfs to bathe his weary feet in their blood.

And the rest of the long night—for it was winter and they had dined at five—was given up to gaming, and talk of the women the Duc had conquered (or bought), the husbands he had duped (or killed).

■ Slightly unsteady on his feet, the Duc de la Tour d'Azure went to the bridal chamber. The bed he had brought from Italy loomed stately in the firelight. The draperies concealed the occupant from the vulgar gaze. Flown with passion and wine, the Duc tore the curtains asunder.

But the bed was empty.

A cool and mocking voice struck through the gloom from the window.

"*Les convenances* admit, my dear Duc, that a man should profane his marriage bed after his marriage. But not before,"

The rapier flashed from his side like a fork of lightning, and the greatest duellist in France stood *en garde*.

From the portières at the window came the stalwart figure of de Carmagne. "I shall be happy to receive the seconds of Monsieur le Duc."

The steel flamed silver in the firelight as it dipped in greeting and returned to the *garde*, "My sword is my second."

"And my first," said de Carmagne, and his rapier slid down his sleeve to appear in his hand as by magic.

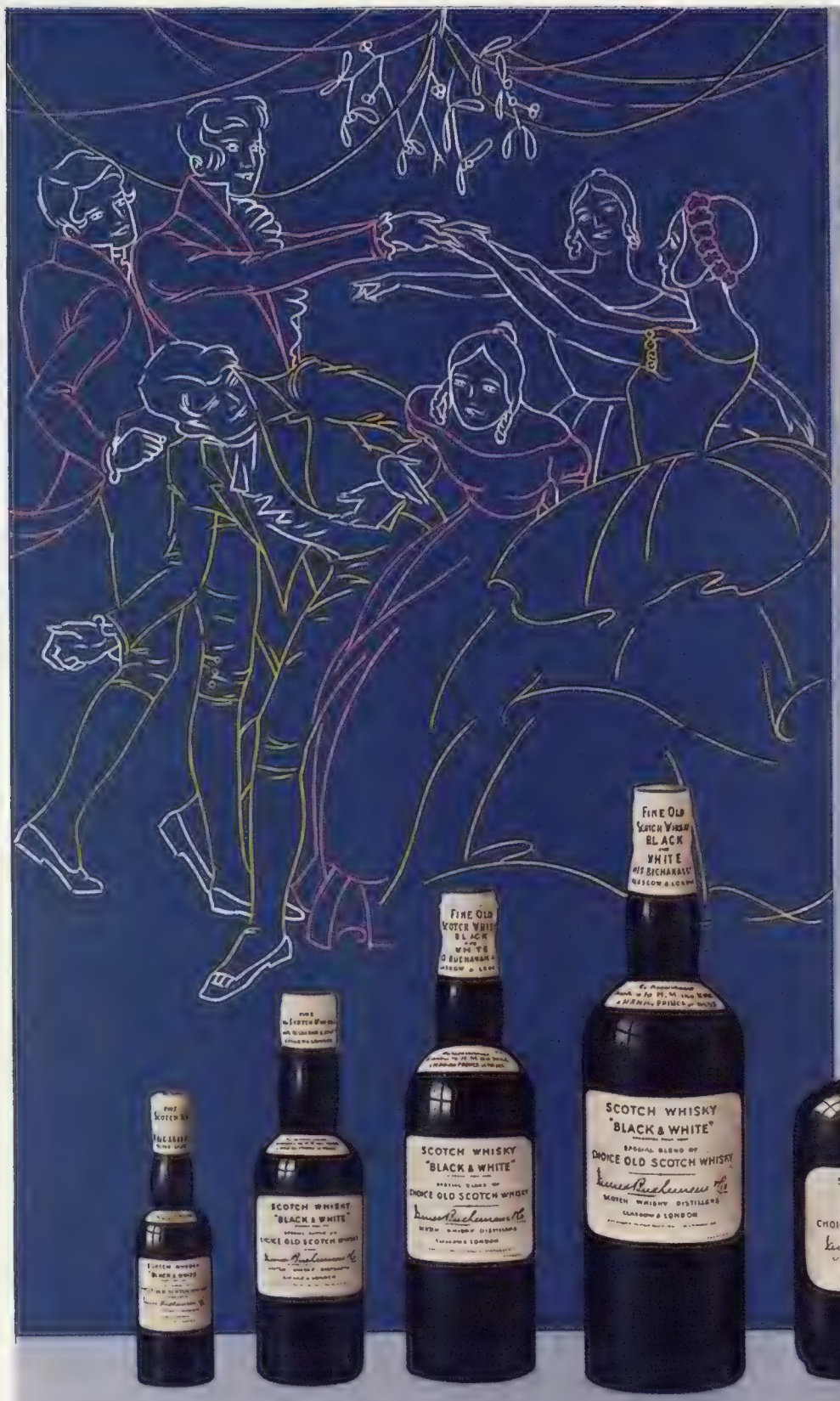
The Duc de la Tour d'Azure threw back his head. "*Ma foi!* A soldier and he dares to fight me." He was proud of his reputation, well-known in the army. "*Eh bien*, let us fight like noblemen. Take off your coat." He laid his blade on the table and slipped from his heavy satin and long waistcoat.

De Carmagne cast off his cloak. They picked up their swords, they saluted briefly, as if to some unseen music that marked the time, and the points crossed.

Oh, Tuscan Prince! Oh chivalry of the Polish plain and the Magyar Puszta! Did *you* not mark those narrowed eyes, that hardened jaw? The finest swordsman in France will, perchance, avenge you. Will you not warn him of his peril?

■ The Duc played his usual gambit. A soldier, he knew from his own time at Saint Cyr, always engaged in *carte* or *six*. He engaged in *tierce*. But, to his surprise, the parry was rock against the thrust. Again came the attack; this time in the low lines—but the soldier's blade anticipated. The parry was ready again.

(Continued on a later page)



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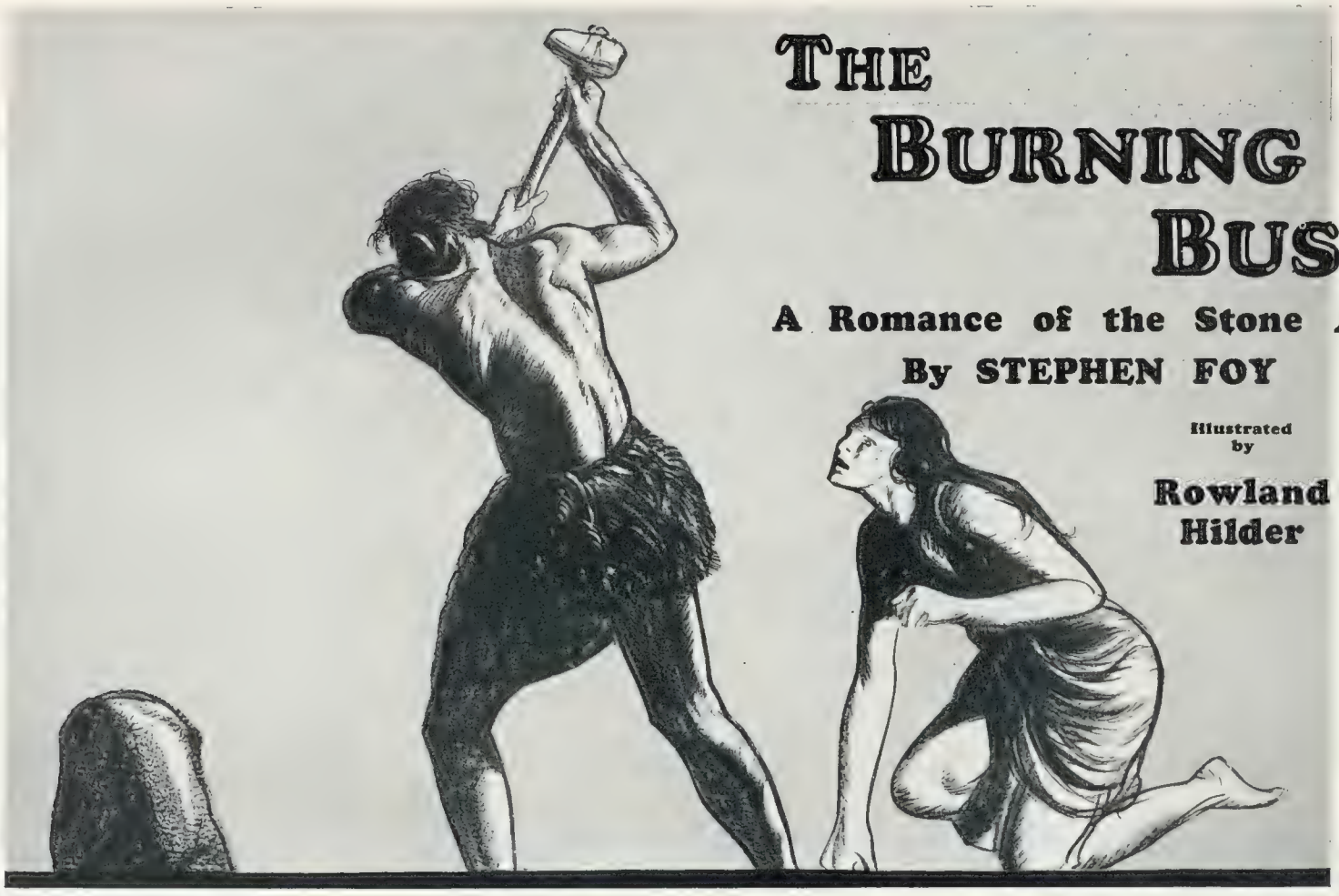


THE BURNING BUSH

A Romance of the Stone Age

By STEPHEN FOY

Illustrated by Rowland Hilder

The hammer clashed against the wonder-stone and a spark leaped forth

The fair-haired Bruni found slavery irksome, although his master, Enikal, was only exacting at times like the present. Now the men of the Dagga looked at Enikal with eyes of sullen suspicion. Who had ever heard of a spring drought? The mighty River Solent thundered to the sea and flooded the country for miles around, but in the lands of the Dagga the sun shone without a cloud and green things perished for want of rain. Enikal was responsible. Was he not the guardian of the wonder-stone which was the magic of the Dagga? Had he not always before been able to bring rain? Yet now he failed them. There were gatherings in secret places. Enikal's was a name of fear amongst all the sparsely settled people from the Solent to the Rhine, and he was old, so old that their fathers' fathers had feared him. Now there were whisperings that he was too old, yet nowhere was there a man who claimed power to succeed.

Enikal knew the thought of the Dagga as he sat grimly by the wonder-stone. From time to time, when other men passed, he swung the striking hammer and sparks flashed outwards, making the passers fear. No other than Enikal could do that.

Bruni knew the thought of the Dagga. He had made up his mind to swim the Solent to the western shore where no man had ever been and where he would not be a slave. But on the day he had fixed a great flame blazed through the forest of the opposite shore, and the men of the Dagga gathered to stare fear-stricken at the antics of the leaping demons they did not understand. Man had not yet conquered fire, but sometimes the great flames swept the woods, coming whence no man knew, though such wizards as Enikal, sitting mystically by their fetishes, looked full of secret knowledge. Bruni had taken the flame as a forbidding, and, as he lay hidden, watching Enikal, he wondered to know that the wizard also feared the flaming, unknown thing. There was panic in the eyes of the man, and Bruni's heart leaped at the knowledge. If Enikal could fear, then Bruni no longer feared Enikal. That night, when the men of the Dagga went southward, Bruni stayed behind and swung the striking hammer, which no man of the Dagga dared to do. He had watched the swinging of Enikal.

The hammer clashed against the wonder-stone and a spark leaped forth. Bruni jumped a man's length away. He had expected the spark, or rather, hoped for it, but to know that he was master of this magic frightend him. Again he struck, and yet again, till frenzy seized him and a rain of sparks illumined him with savage splendour. Then he stopped and stood solemnly thinking, oppressed with his own magic.

"Bruni!" said a frightened voice, and Loma, the daughter of Enikal, crawled towards him, knocking her head at his feet. "You are greater than father. Never has he worked magic like thine."

Bruni towered over her grandly. He liked Loma, and in his new-come sense of power resolved that she should be his. He had but to say his will and all men were his servants.

"Be silent, Loma," he said sternly. "My hour is not yet come. But it is near at hand, and you shall share my glory. Speak not of it meanwhile, or sparks shall leap from this stone to burn thy tongue in its speaking, and the voice of Loma shall be heard no more."

Thoroughly frightened, Loma looked no longer beautiful. Bruni preferred the look of happiness on her face and was puzzled how to bring it back again. She knocked her head submissively at his feet. He raised her and held her close to him so that her head rested on his shoulder. She raised her face to his and he saw that she was still afraid. It was the first time anyone had feared him and the sensation was good, but he wanted it from others, not from Loma.

He pressed his cheek tightly against hers and both received strange comfort. The mystery of kissing had not yet been revealed, but Loma knew this was the caress of a lover.

"Others shall fear me, Loma," whispered Bruni, "and still for a time must it seem that I have fear of others. Loma alone shall know that I am the master of magic and that soon all men shall serve me."

"I will serve you, Bruni," she replied, with fear still clouding her eyes. "But Coan, the chief, is to have me. Enikal has promised."

"You shall never be Coan's. You are mine," he said, and Loma believed him. "Get back to the house. Your father comes," he commanded.

. . . . . .

The men of the Dagga dared not threaten Enikal, but they told him that he must work his most powerful magic to bring rain, and deputations came with pointed requests from the men of neighbouring tribes. Enikal put on his most enigmatical smile, but did not know his own enigma. Why did the usual charms remain powerless? This blazing sky of a rainless April was beyond ordinary magic to alter. But he delayed until the Dagga came to him in a body. Their spears were raised as one, pointing silently at the magician sitting by the magic stone.

Enikal raised the striking hammer and whirled about the stone in a dance of sparks. The men of the Dagga remained motionless. They had known that he would do that and had lost faith. The fetish is judged strictly by results. Enikal leaned upon the striking hammer and stared back at them. All their spears remained pointing at him, but at an abrupt snarl from the burly chief, Coan, the spears pointed upward.

"There is warmth enough without thy sparks, Enikal," said Coan, almost without fear. "No doubt they are powerful, and have always been good to the Dagga until now. But where is the rain? It is rain we need and you must give it."

"There is powerful magic about, but I will fight it. Fear nothing," said Enikal boldly, thoroughly afraid as he was. "Let us dance the dance of the stone."

The men seemed mutinous. Once already they had danced the dance of the stone, and rain had not fallen. But at a sign from Coan they lifted the heavy meteorite and carried it to the glade by the river. There the women gathered in a ring with their backs to the stone and the men faced it with spears pointed upwards. Drummers began the solemn call of the hollow drum and the ring of men began slowly to revolve round Enikal at the stone. He began running round it, whirling the striking hammer as he went, and as he quickened his pace the ring of men revolved more quickly. The light of the sparks was not impressive in the strong sun of noon and Enikal, watching the men keenly, saw that the dance was without conviction. The Dagga had lost faith, and without faith there was no magic. A born actor, he stopped unexpectedly and seemed to listen. Then he knelt and placed his ear to the stone, after which he prostrated himself before it and knocked his head three times. Leaping to his feet, he swung the striking hammer dramatically towards the solitary peak of the downlands.

"The rain waits on the mountain," he proclaimed joyfully. "Let us go thither to bring it home."

Bruni the slave ran to prepare a fresh bed of dry moss for the magic stone in Enikal's house, and the tribesmen carried it back in solemn procession. Enikal, playing for time, proposed the march to the mountain for the next day, but the face of Coan darkened.

"No more delay," he shouted. "We have had too much waiting and hoping, and we need rain now. You go first, Enikal."

He loaded the pigflesh and small stone on Loma's back and took a flint-headed spear from Enikal's house. Then they departed into the wild

(Continued on p. 42)

PLAYER'S "MEDIUM" NAVY CUT CIGARETTES 100 IN DECORATED XMAS PACKING 4/9½

PLAYER'S "MEDIUM" NAVY CUT TOBACCO 4oz. TIN 4/4

Christmas—the Time for Good Things

PLAYER'S

ISSUED BY THE IMPERIAL TOBACCO COMPANY (OF GREAT BRITAIN & IRELAND), LTD. N.C.C.137.

They saw the roof of dry brushwood blazing. There was a murmur of awe and the men muttered apprehensively

THE BURNING BUSH

(continued from p. 40)

Secure that no man dared meddle with the wonder-stone, Enikal threw down the striking hammer and sullenly strode ahead.

"Is there rain on the mountain, Bruni?" whispered Loma, when the men of the tribe had disappeared in the forest.

Bruni stared hard at the mountain, clearly outlined in the hot dry air. He knew nothing about it, and had still some respect for the age-old magic of Enikal. But it would never do to admit doubt to Loma. That would threaten his new-found lordship of her, inexpressibly sweet to the slave.

"There is no rain," he scoffed. "Enikal cannot make rain. He is only inventing delays in the hope that the rain will come of its own accord."

"Bruni is wiser than Enikal," said Loma wonderingly.

"And you will always do what I tell you?"

"Always, Bruni."

Bruni looked thoughtfully at the wide expanse of the Solent River in flood. It was a perfect opportunity for escape. There was not a soul in the village save Loma and himself, who were both supposed to be with the party of women which marched behind the men. In such a straggling procession they would not be missed, and Bruni was still glowing at the unhesitating obedience of Loma when he signalled her to remain. Loma was a clever girl, the only clever girl in a stupid tribe. thought Bruni. And he, Bruni, was the only wise man, wiser even than Enikal.

It was dusk before the two watchers from the village saw the dark line of the Dagga emerge from the forest belt and begin the ascent of the mountain.

"It is time for us to go," said Bruni. Loma would never be able to swim the Solent, a desperate task for a strong man staking his life. His only plan was to strike towards the mountain and pass beyond it, thinking that in that direction they would be least likely to look for him. But he would take the striking hammer with him.

The handle of the hammer was the thigh-bone of a man, and its head a square lump of stone. Bruni swung it lovingly, sensing his power as the master of the strange lights which leaped from the wonder-stone.

"Dance the dance of light again, Bruni," pleaded Loma.

Solemnly he began, walking round the wonder-stone at an increasing pace and striking it slowly. He broke into a run in the manner of Enikal, and then, first among men to innovate deliberately, reversed his direction. Loma, as is bidden to woman, had her back toward the mystery he was performing, but this did not please Bruni, who needed an admirer.

"To thee alone among women, Loma, it is permitted to watch the making of great magic, greater than thy father Enikal ever knew. Enikal ran round the wonder-stone this way; but I, Bruni the magic worker, run the way of the sun in the heavens. Behold and fear!"

Again he struck a rain of sparks which made Loma shudder with wonder, and then commenced circling the stone at a wild speed, whirling the hammer as he ran till the sparks fell fast and furious upon the dry moss. Abruptly he stopped, staring at the ground, and as he did so Loma waited fearfully.

"There is a flame-demon dancing in the moss, Bruni."

"Be not afraid, Loma," he cried loftily, though his own heart was beating furiously with fright, "there are two on this side and I, Bruni, have made them."

She crept timorously to his side, scarcely knowing whether to be more afraid of the dancing flames or of the wonder-worker Bruni. They stood together staring at the swiftly-running flame, now licking the sides of the wonder-stone.

"Bring more moss," said Bruni.

"I'm afraid to leave you."

"Bring more moss!" he shouted in a terrible voice, "and bring it quickly."

Loma ran to do his bidding, and Bruni bent down to pick up one of the flames, but the thing bit him savagely. He exclaimed at the unexpected hurt. Loma came running back with an armful of dry moss.

"It was nothing," he told her. "Bring more."

He held the dry moss to the flames and it caught at once. His own hand had not caught fire, but it was stinging him strangely. Trying cautiously to touch the flame again he drew back unhurt but wiser. The fire destroyed the moss and injured Bruni, but Bruni could make fire and the moss could not. When Loma came he seized a handful of moss and lit it at the fire to her shuddering amazement, waving it in the air till it burnt near his hand, when he threw it on the heap

"We have far to go," said Bruni; "let us eat."

Loma ran to her father's hut for a piece of dried pigflesh, and Bruni sat down to watch the fire. He shivered when the flame licked one of the four pillars of the open-sided fetish house, and then in the mood of an experimenting child cast more moss upon the fire. The flame dulled, then lit through its new food and fastened into the wooden pillar, running lightly up its dry bark and biting joyously into the grass roof. In an incredibly short time the fetish house was no more. The frightened Loma, returning with the pigflesh, found Bruni dancing with gay excitement.

"I am the master of new magic," he exclaimed, and Loma adored him.

"See! even the wonder-stone is broken!" she pointed out.

"Say rather it has given birth to a new stone. Bruni and Loma are about to depart to a new place, and this small stone and the striker we will carry with us."

He loaded the pigflesh and the small stone on Loma's back and took a flint-headed spear from Enikal's house. Then they departed into the wild.

"The Dagga are returning," said Bruni, scanning the mountain thoughtfully.

. . . .

They found a hiding-place in the forest near the trail, and presently Enikal came striding. Bruni was overjoyed as he noted the despair on the magician's deeply wrinkled face. Then came Coan in gloomy talk with several leading men. The tribe straggled behind, the women now mixing with the men. All were equally downcast. The blue sky smiled above, serenely devoid of rain.

"I want to see what happens," whispered Bruni, and when the last of the tribe had passed by they crept cautiously back.

Enikal was standing with folded arms, staring at the ash heap which marked the former fetish home. They saw him touch the white scar on the wonder-stone where Bruni's fragment had split off and search amidst the ashes.

At the Council House Coan and all the men gathered.

"Enikal lied to us," said Coan. "There was no rain on the mountain. There is no cloud in the sky. Enikal's magic has destroyed its own house."

"We shall have no rain while Enikal lives," said Zalla.

"Enikal has lived too long," pronounced Coan.

He stood and raised his spear. All the men of the tribe did likewise. They marched out of the Council House.

Enikal heard them and gave no sign. No more could he strike sparks from the wonder-stone. The House of Magic was destroyed and his striking hammer gone. He knew that virtue had departed from him. He did not stir from his gloomy contemplation until Coan addressed him.

"Enikal! where is the rain?"

"The rain cometh, surely," he began.

"Where? There is not a cloud in the sky. Surely Enikal lies. His own stone is angry with him and no longer speaks with flame."

The wizard hesitated, but as he raised his hand an angry growl ran round the ring of men. All spears pointed at Enikal.

"Let not one man kill him," shouted Coan. "Let him die by the act of all. Get your spears ready! Throw!"

His own spear sped straight at the heart of Enikal and fifty others bristled from the falling body.

Loma shuddered closely into Bruni's arms.

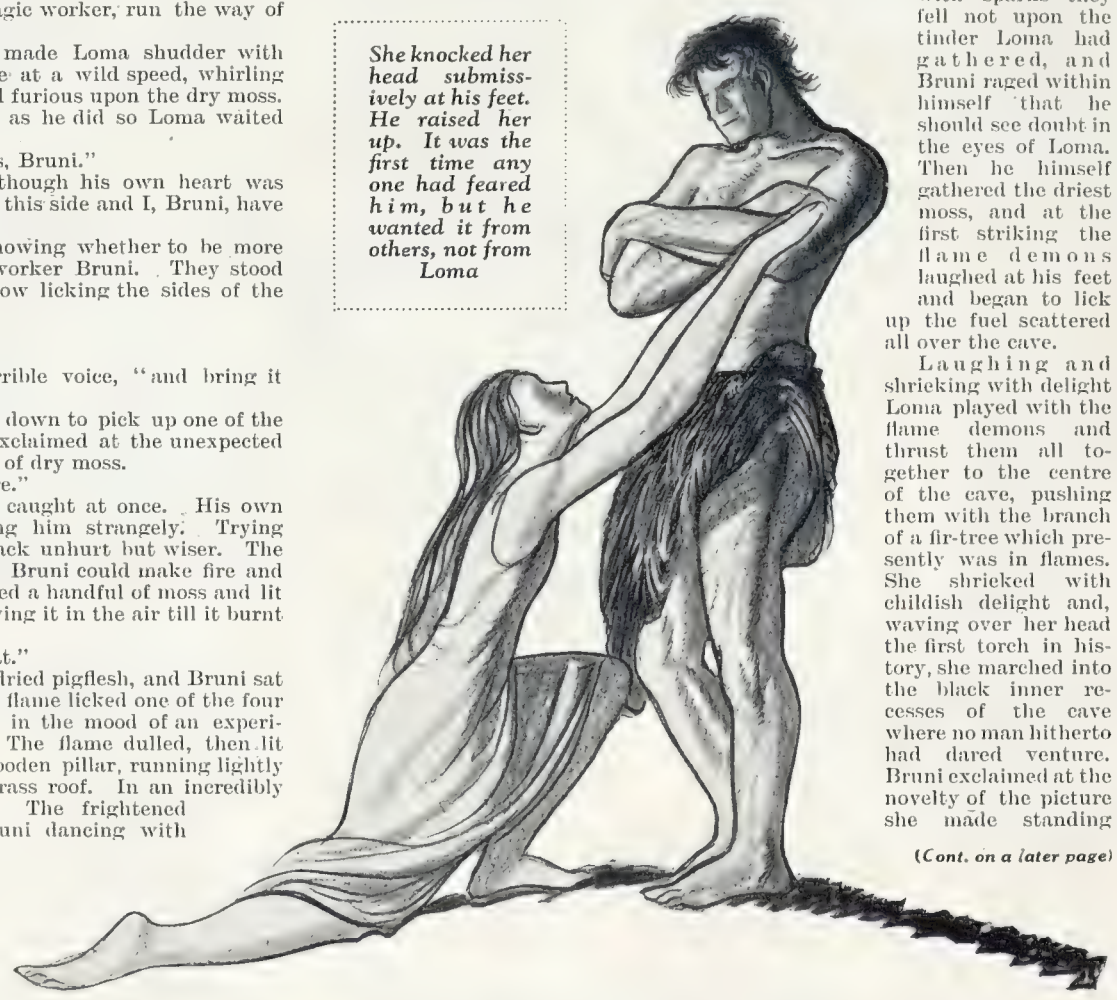
"Let us go," said Bruni, "but we will not go far."

. . . . .

They came to a cave known to Bruni, in the cliff overlooking the river, where they would be safe. Loma threw down her heavy burden and gave of the pigflesh to her lord, who permitted her to share his meal. Thereafter he lay thoughtfully gazing over the wide water and Loma saw that he had forgotten her in great thoughts. So she stole forth and gathered huge loads of dry moss, brushwood, and bracken before she snuggled up close to her lord, pressing her cheek against his in the manner of lovers. And Bruni awoke to be glad that Loma was his. The night fell and he could not see her.

"But Bruni is the master of light," said Loma, handing him the wonder-stone and his striker. He struck many times, but although the cave gleamed with sparks they fell not upon the tinder Loma had gathered, and Bruni raged within himself that he should see doubt in the eyes of Loma. Then he himself gathered the driest moss, and at the first striking the flame demons laughed at his feet and began to lick up the fuel scattered all over the cave.

She knocked her head submissively at his feet. He raised her up. It was the first time any one had feared him, but he wanted it from others, not from Loma



Laughing and shrieking with delight Loma played with the flame demons and thrust them all together to the centre of the cave, pushing them with the branch of a fir-tree which presently was in flames. She shrieked with childish delight and, waving over her head the first torch in history, she marched into the black inner recesses of the cave where no man hitherto had dared venture. Bruni exclaimed at the novelty of the picture she made standing

(Cont. on a later page)

"Some Christmas, eh!"

DEWAR'S

THE SAILOR'S FAREWELL

In this picture ballad of the late eighteenth century William, with his hand on his heart, swears that he will to his Susan remain true. William is wearing the buckled shoes and striped socks of the period; Susan a little white hat with blue band and white feather of the 1790's

THE LOVERS' TIFF

In this picture ballad, Bonny Hodge has a tiff with Dolly the milkmaid. Hodge with one foot on the stile says he doesn't care; he has the wide world before him. The cow, perceiving that she is neglected, kicks over bucket and stool and walks away. This also is a late eighteenth century production

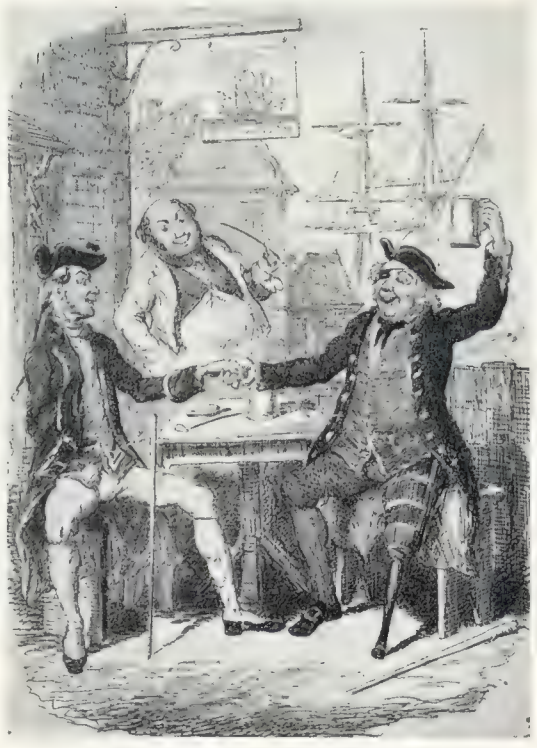
THE BALLAD OF OLDEN DAYS

Verses from the Sea Songs of CHARLES DIBDIN

"MEG OF WAPPING," by George Cruikshank

"MEG OF WAPPING"

'Twas landlady Meg that made such rare flip;
Pull away, pull away, hearties!
At Wapping she lived, at the sign of the Ship,
Where tars meet in such jolly parties.
She'd shine at the play, and she'd jig at the ball,
All rigg'd out so gay and so topping;
For she married six husbands and buried them all—
Pull away, pull away, pull away! I say;
What d'ye think of my Meg of Wapping?
But I didn't tell you how that she married seven;
Pull away, pull away, so neatly!
'Twas honest Tom Trip, and he sent her to heaven,
And her strong box he rummaged so sweetly;
For Meg growing old a fond dotard prov'd,
And must after a boy needs be hopping;
So she popp'd off, and Tom, with the girl that he lov'd:
Pull away, pull away, pull away! I say!
Spent the shiners of Meg of Wapping.



"THE VETERANS," by George Cruikshank

"THE VETERANS"

Then broach a can before we part,
A friendly one, with all our heart,
And as we put the grog about, we'll cheerly sing,
At land and sea may Britons fight,
The world's example and delight,
And conquer every enemy of George our King.
'Tis he that proves the hero's friend,
His bounty waits us to our end,
Though crippled, and laid up, with one foot in the grave;
Then tars and soldiers, never fear,
You shall not want compassion's tear;
Misfortune ever claim'd the pity of the brave.

"THE GREENWICH PENSIONER"

'Twas in the good ship Rover
I sail'd the world around,
And for three years and over
I ne'er touch'd British ground;
At length in England landed,
I left the roaring main,
Found all relations stranded,
And went to sea again.

That time bound straight to Portugal,
Right fore and aft we bore;
But, when we'd made Cape Ortugal,
A gale blew off the shore:
She lay, so did it shock her,
A log upon the main,
Till, saved from Davy's locker,
We went to sea again.

Next in a frigate sailing,
Upon a squally night,
Thunder and lightning hailing
The horrors of the fight,
My precious limb was lopp'd off;
I, when they'd eas'd my pain,
Thank'd God I was not popp'd off,
But went to sea again.

Yet still am I enabled
To bring up in life's rear
Although I am disabled
And lie in Greenwich tier;
The King, God bless his royalty,
Who saved me from the main,
I'll praise with love and loyalty,
But ne'er to sea again.

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Mackintosh's Toffee-de-Luxe, "Carnival," and "De Luxe Favourites" are packed in a large variety of Fancy Tins, Boxes, and Caskets at all prices—6d., 1/-, 2/-, 2/6, 4/-, etc. Your Confectioner will be pleased to show you a selection.

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CHILDREN'S SECTION of "THE SPHERE"

"This is a heavy load this year —there seems more than ever"

From a water-colour drawing by ***MILLAR WATT***

THROUGH the FOREST

There really can be no doubt about it. *Father Christmas* started late. There had been some rather difficult toys to finish at the last moment. The reindeer steeds had been stamping and shifting about, wondering whatever could have been the reason for the delay. Minute after minute passed. They shook their bells, but no one seemed to hear. At last the great door of the ice cavern where all *Father Christmas's* presents are made and stored swung open, and a jolly face appeared. "It's all right, boys," he cried, "everything's ready," and without more ado the big bale was flung into the sleigh, and off they all went with a swish and a jingle. Down over the ice the reindeer sped, straining every muscle to make up for lost time.

The sun was getting low when they came to the edge of a forest; they were astonished to find that *Father Christmas* was pulling at the reins and crying "Whoa, whoa!" There was nothing to do but pull up. Out jumped *Father Christmas*. "I'm for a short cut through the forest to my first call," he said to the leading reindeer. "You carry on and meet me at the other side."

Into the gloom jogged *Father Christmas* with his bale. At first all seemed well, but soon he realized that he didn't know quite where he was. "This is a heavy load this year—there seems more than ever" gasped Father Christmas. The path which at first seemed quite clear gradually became an uncertain track, and if it hadn't been for the squirrels and the rabbits and the ferrets calling to him he would have lost his way altogether.

First the squirrels cried—
Her eyes the glow-worm lend thee,
The shooting stars attend thee,
And the elves also,
Whose little eyes glow
Like the sparks of fire befriend thee.

Then there was a pause, and to encourage and guide *Father Christmas* the rabbits sang out—

No Will-o'-the-Wisp mislight thee;
Nor snake nor slow-worm bite thee;
But on, on thy way,
Not making a stay,
Since ghost there is none to affright thee.

(Continued on a later page)

"I said STOP, an' he STOPPIT!!"

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Walking to Edinboro' in the '45

A True Tale of How Four Little Children Walked from Inverness to the Scottish Capital in Search of their Father. The Subsequent Adventures of One of the Boys is Told in the Memoirs of an Eighteenth-Century Footman

The Laird of Grant, thinking things would go wrong with Prince Charles, took possession of what cattle were left, and put a person in the house in his name, which indeed saved it afterwards from the flames, when the rebels' horses were burnt in their stables. The man that had the charge of my father's affair went with the cattle, and had a place at the Laird of Grant's. His name was Boyd. He took my eldest brother, as he had a great regard for the boy and the boy for him, and then we four were left with the maid, who took no care of the house or any little things that were left, as she never expected any wages, but soon went off with a lover. We were now left alone; but my sister, being by the providence of God bold, of an heroic disposition, and strong withal, was prepared to go through the following hardships. Boyd, having read a letter dated from my father, Captain Macdonald, at Goolen's Inn and Livery Stables, Head of the Canongate, Edinburgh, an answer was returned; but I believe all the letters to Prince Charles's camp were intercepted, for we never saw or heard from our father more.

After the letter came from our father, my sister was never easy, but going from one town to another, on foot, sometimes to Inverness, then to see my brother, out and in, to and fro. This made the people take notice, and say she had something extraordinary to go through. Now we had no person with us in the house, but the neighbours came to see us now and then. My sister had it in her head to go to Edinburgh to see my father. She got all the money she could get together, which was fourteen pounds Scots, or twenty-three shillings and fourpence English. With this, the letter from my father in her bosom, and her three brothers in her hand, out she sets for Edinburgh, from the parish of Urquhart, about the middle of September, 1745. Now our ages were as follows: Kitty, fourteen; Duncan, that was left with Boyd, between ten and eleven; Daniel, seven; I, four and a half; and my brother, Alexander, two years and a half. She chose for her departure a moonlight night, that the people should not stop her; and so she got into Inverness about breakfast, having travelled nine miles. My sister carried the child on her back, Daniel carried the bundle, and I ran alongside of both. In this manner we travelled from Inverness to Edinburgh, which is one hundred and fifty measured miles, in the space of two months.

Now you shall see the providence of God towards helpless orphans that are left to His care alone. As we travelled, we were the surprise of everyone, as we were so young. Our money being expended, we were obliged to beg our bread. We were kindly used by some, and harshly by others that were against the Prince. One kind woman equipped us with a little bag for oatmeal, for people that would not take us in would give us a handful of meal. She gave us a round wooden dish also, which my sister put our pottage in when she met with good people that would let her bake it or bake cakes of oatmeal on their grid-iron. The chief of our food was pottage and milk, or cakes and milk; and sometimes, if we met with good friends at a farmhouse, we got a bit of meat. If it rained, we waited at a farmhouse sometimes for two or three days. On the journey we had two things to recommend us, although begging from house to house; the things we had on were all plaid, and of the finest kind, for an extravagant father cares not what he buys. Our apparel looked like that of a gentleman's children, and we had a great share of beauty.

Oftentimes where we came folks would say: "Poor dears! they certainly are some gentleman's children." Others, "What if they are a gentleman's bastards?" so, as God knows all things that are to happen, if He takes one thing He gives another; and He has promised to take care of fatherless and motherless children: for nothing can happen without God's knowledge. We never marched when it rained, if it had been two or three days; and, on a fine sunshining day, we played on the road till near night, when we continued to shuffle forward. If we could not reach a house, my sister would cover us with our plaids, and cut the tops of brooms with her knife to lay on and cover our plaids. In this manner we lay at nights for weeks, and always set off in the morning. When we had any brook to cross, or small river, my sister would carry over my young brother, then come for me, and afterwards come back to take my brother's hand. One time, as she was wading a river with Alexander, when she came near the other side, the water overpowered her and carried her and my brother into a whirlpool, where they floated, till a man who was digging potatoes at a little distance saw her distress, and ran to her relief. He took her and the boy out of the pool, and carried my brother and me over also. He then took us to a farmhouse, where we had victuals and drink, and our clothes dried; and at night we were put into a barn amongst the straw. If at any time we happened to be benighted, and could not get quarters, we sometimes lay in an old house without a roof, or any house near it; another time, if the weather was fine, near the roadside, amongst some fine broom.

One day, in the morning, before we got up, a lunatic who was coming along heard us speak; he drew aside, and stood over us for some time; he never spoke, but seemed amazed. He then ran away as if he had been afraid, and we were very glad. My sister next night was told that he was out of his mind for love. A gentleman in the country gave him every year a suit of clothes; he went where he liked; he would work sometimes well, and, when the work was over, they would take some method to affront him that he might set off in a pet without asking for any wages. This they did not consider as any act of injustice; for if he got any money he would hide it under a stone, and forget where he laid it; so that the money was lost to the public. One time he worked with a farmer for the whole time of hay and harvest; when the season of his labours was over, the butcher came one night with his cord, his knife, and steel, felt his neck and loins, told the farmer he was fat enough, and that he might be killed in the morning; but before morning he was gone many miles. He often told afterwards how he had deceived the butcher. Many things of this kind we met with, too tedious to be mentioned.

When we came near to Dundee, not far from the town, on the side of a river, there was an old castle where there was a blacksmith's shop. The blacksmith's wife was as good a woman as ever lived; she put hay in one of the corners of the castle where the rain did not come in, and there at night we lay. In the day we went a-begging to Dundee, and at night we came home. She let my sister dress our pottage and bake cakes; so we staid here three weeks, after which we set out again on our journey. When it was fine weather and we came to a rivulet, my sister washed our second shirt and stockings, for we either had no more at first, or else she did not shuse to bring any more with her. When we came to a river where was a ferry-boat, we begged our passage over. Then we came to Perth, where we stayed a week or two. The letter from my father was now so worn, with fretting and chaffing, that it was scarce legible; but a gentleman made shift to copy it for us afresh. From Perth we travelled to Kinghorn, where we staid a few days till we could get our passage to Leith. A gentleman who was a passenger in the same boat with us, paid our fare. Before we left the boat the same gentleman made a collection for us. He raised half-a-crown. As we passed through Leith we went into an eating-house, and had plenty of bread, meat and broth, for five-pence. After dinner we set out for Edinburgh on a fine walk, a mile-and-a-half in length.

Our apparel looked like that of a gentleman's children, and we had a great share of beauty

Drawn by W. Bryce Hamilton

A PICTORIAL COMPETITION . . .

For Young and Old: Without Restriction of Age

DRAWN BY PERCY HOME

Previous pictorial competitions have been such a success that the Editor is offering another one to his readers this year. The upper portion of this page shows an Italian landscape, with a space in the foreground where the town exists. The lower portion of the page contains the various component parts of the buildings and towers which, when placed in position, will cover all the distant landscape. These portions should be cut out and pasted upon the upper view in the positions which the competitor thinks to be most suitable and logical. One portion may overlap another. The finished picture is based upon an actual scene, so that the various pieces should fall into their natural places. Three prizes will be given for the best solutions of this pictorial competition. The First Prize, £5; the Second Prize, £3; and the Third Prize, £2. Post your solutions to the Competition Editor, "The Sphere" Office, 346, Strand, W.C., not later than January 11, 1933. The decision of the Editor in every case is final.

THOSE AUSTRALIAN TWINS

(*Continued from p.* 14)

too bad for Lady Seaweena, if she doesn't enjoy being divorced. But as far as you're concerned, you've moved out of her house to an hotel, and it seems it's just one of those things . . ."

"Oh, but it *isn't!*" May assured her. "It would be, but I'm her only witness for the defence. You see she took me to Monte Carlo. You know how smart it is to go there in summer these days, or St. Juan les Pins, or almost anywhere on the Riviera? It gives you a lovely tan. But doing the smart thing is no help in a divorce case when you've got ferrets of lawyers against you. My having been with her is Sarah's only hope. That's why I say she planned the whole business—from the day of the advertisement. She was determined to play safe, and at the same time make money to carry on her home life."

Kay had become intent. "So you went to Monte Carlo with the Seaweena woman?" she said.

"Yes. And Lord John Alery joined us. We all three stayed at the Hôtel de Paris. But Jack was on another floor. I have to bear witness to that and say we didn't expect him. He just turned up suddenly."

"Oh, you *have* to, do you?" repeated Kay.

"I have to, because I'm being subpœnaed, or whatever you call it, and of course it's the truth, too—about the floor, I mean. And the rest, so far as I can *swear* on the microbey Bible they say I'll be made to kiss. My dear, all sorts of *criminal* microbes!"

"Bother the microbes," snapped Kay. "Did you stop in Paris?"

May blushed. "Er—yes, we did. I was dying to see you, but as I'd never mentioned being twins it would have been too complicated. . . ."

"I wasn't thinking about that," said Kay. "When were you there?"

"The 1st of June. Only for one night."

"And where did you spend that night?"

"At the Ritz."

"Both of you?"

"Why, yes. At least, of course, we didn't have the same room or bath. Sarah Seaweena can't bear the sight of anyone else's toothbrush in her bathroom, so we took entirely separate suites."

"I see. What time did you go to bed?"

"Early. Sarah said I looked tired. That's so frightening to be told."

"So you kissed good-night, and that was the last you saw of her?"

"Yes, at ten o'clock. On principle it seems a waste of time to go to bed at all in Paris. Still, if you're told you look tired! Besides, Sarah said she was *dead*. But, darling, how you do cross-examine me! One would think you were a judge. I shall get enough of that when the case comes on. And—oh, precious! I haven't told you the worst. Anywhere, except in England, what's a divorce? Why, just dinner-table gossip. And so it is over here, in part of Sarah's set. But not all. Not that part which the Southminster family moves in. The duchess belongs to the Stone Age. She might be a graven image, though not, of course, by Epstein. She was a bishop's daughter, and you can imagine what *that* would make her! Myself, I'm against bishops having daughters. But what's done can't be undone. And even Tony——"

"Is he of the Stone Age, too?" Kay asked then, with interest, because Dick Potter being a figure of the past, this duke seemed destined to become a brother-in-law.

"No, Tony's adorable, truly," said May, "and I would adore him if I hadn't such a disgustingly faithful heart. He's my ideal, really, much more so than Dick; one of those strong, silent men you read about in the novels you hide under Priestley and Arnold Bennett, when highbrows are around. It's just the way Tony has been brought up. He believes in the Commandments, especially the Seventh, and—as Sarah Seaweena says—sweet young virgins and other extinct animals."

"But, good gracious, you're a sweet young virgin yourself, aren't you?" Kay adjured her.

"Yes. But it's not the fashion to act like one. You must know that, living as you do, with artists in Paris."

"Don't be insulting. I do *not* live with them. I only work with them. And I never did care about being in the fashion. I like being myself. That's one of the differences between us two," said Kay. "But I'm here to help you. How much of a gentleman is Tony?"

"Oh, a *great* gentleman!" May assured her. "He's next to the premier duke."

"I didn't mean that kind of gentleman," Kay explained. "I meant, he hasn't thrown you over because you're innocently mixed up in this divorce case, has he?'

"He doesn't know I'm going to be mixed up in it yet," May explained. "None of them do. I simply fled from the house in Berkeley Square when George flared up in that fearful scene and said he would get a divorce, and Sarah could go to hell. I *knew* what the Southminsters felt about divorce—so *vulgar!* And the duchess's influence on her son, which almost amounts to what you call a 'mother complex.'"

"I don't," said Kay. "I never call it anything. Do the Southminster lot know that our own grandmother, who's only fifty-seven and looks twenty-seven since she had her face lifted, has got married for the fourth time?"

"Thank goodness they don't!" breathed May. "That's one comfort of having lived so far off as Sydney. The English never expect Australians to have grandmothers. They only think back as far as parents when they happen to have been millionaires. At present I'm *persona grata* because Dad, the angel, has cabled from home that he'll give me £200,000 dowry and do up the castle in Hampshire with electric lights and baths. That pleases the duchess. She's terribly mercenary—quite different from Tony."

Kay smiled wrily. "I'm afraid even Dad isn't above liking to have a duke in the family. It will be nice to talk of at the club, and help his golf."

"Yes, it will be a blow to all Sydney if Tony gives me up because of the scandal and snapshots of me, disgustingly unflattering, in *The Daily Mirror* and *Sketch*. I wish mothers of dukes could be painlessly exterminated when they're over fifty. Poor Tony! Poor *me!*"

"*Can* she make him give you up?" Kay asked. "If she can, he doesn't love you."

DREAMING OF CHRISTMAS DAY

From the painting recently on exhibition in Vienna By ANTON FIKULKA

"He liked me a lot at first," said May, "but I'm afraid he's a bit off me lately, because I don't say any of the right things about the pictures or the books he likes best, or see why hounds shouldn't be spoken of as dogs. Still, he's too honourable to throw me over for anything *ordinary*, now we're engaged and it's been in *The Morning Post*. But the duchess's ways are so subtle. When she wants to scare her son blue and stiff she throws a fit. In ducal circles it's having a heart attack. I believe, myself, she simply eats soap and froths at the mouth. She's quite capable of it! Tony has such a habit of kowtowing to her and wanting to save her life at any cost when she's ill, he'd surely sacrifice me to her. I *know* it. I don't love him, but I *want* him. I can't bear to be done out of him. Kay, can you save me? Oh, do!"

"Well," said Kay, "something has sprung into my mind that might work. I don't say it will, but it's about Paris. I'll have to think it over. Is the Seaweena female still living, as the lawyers put it, under her husband's roof?"

"Oh, she is," said May, reviving. (Kay had always been so marvellous!) "She's hoping George won't divorce her after all. It is *he* who's left home. She's using me as an argument with him. Only a few people *know*. It's been kept out of the papers so far—by influence. But I heard that scene between them. It seems that George has been praying for the chance to get rid of Sarah. She's too much above him. He wants to revert to type. I wouldn't put it past him to be in love with his stenographer. These red-faced men with their hair getting thin and their tummies fat think any woman over twenty-five a hag. It's their dangerous age. Sarah says so herself. Yes, I am her one hope!"

"I'm just wondering if I can prevent her from building on you too much," said Kay.

"It sounds too good to be true!" Tears sprang to May's blue eyes.

"I know. And maybe it is," Kay agreed. "I think I'll just go out and walk off my tea. I'm not staying with you at this hotel, you know. I didn't mean to, anyhow, but Nurse Thingumbob 'phoned me to Paris it wouldn't be best in the circumstances . . ."

"You see, my not having mentioned the twinhood . . ." May tried to save Kay's feelings again. These were, however, hard-boiled. They had to be. Kay couldn't conceal from herself that she had always been in her sister's way, save when crises arose which called for quick wits. The two were, superficially, the image of each other. But if you happened to see Kay alone and took her for May you thought how much prettier May was, and more intelligent-looking than you had supposed her to be. May's eyes were turquoises. Kay's were sapphires. May had to diet, or she would have developed a bust or some other horror, whereas Kay could eat anything and remain a steady one hundred and ten. She had a certain wild grace about her which was almost bad form in May's eyes, yet there was an It-ness in it which May lacked. So, after leaving school in Sydney, May had been happier parted from Kay, and Kay had known that. At first it had hurt. Then, in self-defence, she had hardened the surface. And she really had artistic talent. She loved slapping clay; and Dad would let her turn the first worth-while thing into marble. Therefore she'd been happy in Paris. And her French accent had improved beyond belief. As for her Parisian slang—but then she used it only on the *rive gauche*.

"I've taken a room at a pub round the corner," she began, when May cut her short.

"A *pub*, darling? Oh, *no!*" the girl cried; but Kay laughed.

"Quite respectable; it's what I'd call a 'background' place. I'll run round to it now, and look up the Seaweena shack in the telephone book——"

"They have a private 'phone," said May.

"Well, write down the number for me. And don't be afraid I'll do anything indiscreet. I'll think first, and act later."

"But not *much* later, if it's to help?"

"A few minutes may be enough. Or it may take hours. Meanwhile, you'd better lend me a frock, May. I came with nothing but a dressing bag."

"I'll have a messenger called to take you whatever you want," offered May.

Kay shook her head. "I don't mind carrying a bundle."

"You can't!" squealed May. "You look too much like me. It's not done."

"All right. Be quick with your messenger then. A smart evening frock, with everything to match."

. . . .

She went into the hall and, walking with her head down lost in thought, collided with a man equally absent-minded.

Both looked up. Kay said, in French fashion, "Pardon!" He said, "Sorry!"

He was the nicest man Kay had ever seen. She knew that instantly.

"May!" he exclaimed. "I thought you were ill. I was coming to ask if I could see you . . ."

So the fat was in the fire! Of course, this was Tony! Oh, heavens and earth! But Kay didn't say this aloud. She didn't say anything for an instant. She smiled, and looked beautiful, though swallowing heavily which is not, as a rule, a becoming thing to do.

"I—I'm better," she stammered. (Another and heavier swallow.) "I—I wondered if I could manage to get out and meet you—alone. And now—here you *are*."

"It's Providence," smiled the tall young man. He was far from smug, though he looked as if he might actually, here in 1932, believe in Providence. No joke!

Kay thought hard, and then said, "Shall we go and talk things over, in the lounge? Nurse is far from being a 'little pitcher,' but she *has* large ears."

The Duke of Southminster took the girl down to the lounge. They were looking at each other so hard and talking so fast that they forgot to get into the descending lift. But it was only one flight.

May had told the truth about Tony inadvertently. He was adorable. Dick Potter had been a charming boy, but with a snub nose, and he stood no more than a poor 5 ft. 11 in. in his stockings. This duke would stand 6 ft. 2 in. in bare feet, and he made Dick look like tuppence-a'penny in retrospect. Kay knew herself well enough to be sure that she didn't admire him just because he was a duke. No. She'd rather despised dukes on principle. She had been a Socialist, almost Red, even in Australia, and more so since she went to Paris and lived on the *rive gauche*. But this was a *man*. She didn't mind if he were old-fashioned and believed strongly in Providence, disapproved divorce, and thought women ought to be women. If it weren't for Providence he wouldn't exist. If only God can make a tree, only Providence can create this special brand of duke. He looked eighteenth-century dressed in the latest 1932 by Savile Row.

He could hardly take his eyes off her. She didn't even try to take her eyes off him, except to look down and show her lashes now and then; for soon—soon she would be going back to Paris, and if her plan for May succeeded she wouldn't see him again till he was her brother-in-law, if then. It depended upon May, and you never could depend upon May.

"Why, it must have done you good to be ill," he said. "I never saw you look so beautiful, so—so—wonderful before."

(*Continued on a later page*)

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MADE IN ENGLAND

THOSE AUSTRALIAN TWINS

(*Continued from p.* 50)

"And yet, I've got on a horrid dress," she fished for another compliment.

"Not horrid. Different. It isn't your style. But I love it," he said. "Wear it often."

Kay could almost hear May's shudder at the idea. May and tweed were strangers. But if she had heard May, and what was going on in May's suite at that moment, there would have been no shudders.

The bold youth from far-off Sydney had sworn at the reception desk that he was expected, and that he'd been told to "go straight up." So he had gone, and no other male creature—not even a duke—would have thought of pushing past Nurse Featherstonhaugh as he did.

"Dick!" May shrieked. And to save her life and win a duchesshood she couldn't have resisted holding out her arms. By the time she had repented, Dick was in them. Nurse Featherstonhaugh, frozen in the corridor by such impropriety, thought of resigning until she heard a few dropped words.

"Cable to your father . . . sick in a strange hotel . . . that damned gossip. Yep! News travels to Sydney papers sooner than to London ones . . . . I just had to come . . . I was the last up the gang-plank." All of which sounded comparatively respectable, or would if Miss Stevenson weren't engaged to the Duke. Still, you must give even a wild Australian the benefit of a doubt. Perhaps this was her brother.

. . . . .

"What to do?" thought Kay, who was never at a loss for herself. This duke person believed her to be May, and didn't know May had a twin. She couldn't take him up to May's suite. Still less could she take him to her own pub. She couldn't sit here with him for ever, though she wouldn't be bored if she did. What was the alternative?

"Was there any *special* reason why you came without sending word?" she asked, assuming that he hadn't sent word.

"Mother wanted me to bring you a note," he said. "I forgot all about it. Here it is. Will you read it, and let me give her your answer?"

"Have you any idea what's in the note?" Kay's eyes were fixed on the envelope with its ducal coronet.

"Not an earthly," said Southminster. "But I'm glad I came."

Kay opened the letter.

"Dear Miss Stevenson," she read in a clear Victorian-Edwardian hand, "I do hope it isn't true that you are to appear as a witness in favour of Lady Seaweena in the wretched divorce case that is coming on. Please let me beg you not to do so, for I fear she hardly deserves your generosity, and the mother of Lord John Alery (who will be cited as the co-respondent) *quite* agrees with me. The very thought of your doing such a thing upsets my health, and I tremble for it if you make this serious social mistake. I am subject to heart attacks, as you may know, and a grave scandal, compromising one so near and dear to my son, may easily mean my death. Of course, I am *not* young, and one must die sometime; but mourning does so delay weddings as a rule; indeed, in our family, it has been known to put them off indefinitely. Do let me persuade you, dear Miss Stevenson! Yours sincerely, Victoria Southminster."

Even duchesses, it would seem, are not above veiled threats! Kay remembered what May had darkly hinted about the soap.

"I'd like you to read this," she said, and handed it to the Duke.

He pondered the page and gave the letter back.

"My mother is a bit mid-Victorian, I'm afraid," he said.

"How about you?" Kay wanted to know.

"I never felt so determined to keep you as I feel to-day," he answered.

"Then there *have* been days . . . ?" suggested Kay.

"Frankly, I confess that I haven't felt you and I always saw life eye to eye; but we were engaged, and that was that."

"You wouldn't like me to bear witness for Sarah Seaweena if George divorces her?"

"Well, maybe I'm Victorian, too—at heart—though I was born shortly before King George's coronation. I wish you were not in danger of being subpœnaed. But if you are subpœnaed it won't be your fault and I'll stand by you, of course."

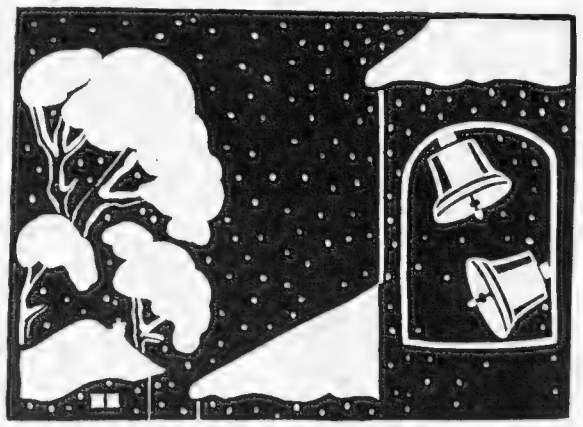
"Even if your mother throws a fi—I mean, has a heart attack?"

"Don't let's be pessimistic," Southminster said. "I've never loved you so much as I do at this moment."

"That's interesting," murmured Kay. She wondered what she ought to do about it. But well, she knew what she *would* do about it. There's honour among twins!

"It's great to think you'd stand by me in any case, Tony," she said. "But I don't expect to put you or your mother to the test. I think I can promise to keep out of this mess. Do you mind—" (she remembered how unlike her writing was to May's)—"do you mind giving the Duchess a message from me? I—er—don't feel equal to composing a proper letter. Just tell her it will be all right; O.K. I suppose she hates slang; but it *is* expressive. And now, dear Tony, I must send you away."

"Mayn't I stay a little longer?" he pleaded. "You're so adorable. Even your voice is sweeter. And your eyes! What's happened to them?"



Dawns the bright day
Falls the white snow
Come let us go
Where calls the bell
Into the church
Sing we Noel

Rises the sun
Over the snow
Come let us go
Back to the hearth
Where burns the log
Leaping and bright

Eat with good cheer
Drink a good draught
Revel and laugh
Christmas is here
Outside we know
Falls the white snow

DAWNS THE BRIGHT DAY, by Brenda

"It's the light that lies—and lies," she laughed. But not happily. She grudged Tony to May. How she grudged him! If only the Duchess would confess that he was not legitimate! But women with handwriting like hers never *had* anything to confess. Nothing could un-duke Tony. And she had to do something which would seal him to May for ever. What a world!

There was no one but themselves in the lounge at the minute, so he kissed her. The first and last kiss! She wouldn't be May's bridesmaid for a fortune, not even if May wished it, which she wouldn't. Kay hadn't known dukes were like this one; but there couldn't be others. He was unique.

She wished that, after all, she weren't so dashed clever about getting people out of scrapes. If only she were just another dumb-bell, and the Duchess would eat soap enough. Yet she was sure, too sure, that she could save May, and by this time she knew exactly how she was going to do it.

. . . . .

When Kay had said good-bye to Tony, telling herself she must never, never see him again, she went straight to the small old-fashioned hotel which she had libelled by calling it a "pub."

The suitcase which May had sent was already there, and having braced herself for martyrdom with a cold bath (which probably never even occurred to Joan of Arc), she dressed in garments of May's which doubtless the treacherous Seaweena creature had seen and would recognize.

In a gold frock which matched her hair, stockings, shoes, and cloak *en suite*, she taxied to the house in Berkeley Square, where for some time her sister had been a highly-paying guest. Having telephoned beforehand, she knew that she would find her ladyship at home. And there she was, in a boudoir of nineteen hundred and thirteen vintage.

"May!" she cried, almost throwing herself upon the girl; but Kay, taking a strong dislike to her at sight and scent, held her off.

"This is no rehearsal of *East Lynne!*" she snapped. "I've come to see you, Lady Seaweena, because . . ."

"You always called me Sarah!" bleated the lady, who wore the deep black of injured innocence

"Well, I don't to-day," said Miss Stevenson.

"You're cruel, not a bit like yourself," the other reproached her. "Of course I realized it was the Duchess who made you leave me and live in a hotel, but, considering that you owe the Duke to me . . ."

"Oh, I think I've paid for him, and for everything else," Kay stopped her. "As I was starting to tell you, I came here because . . ."

"Unless you've changed *entirely*, you came because you want me to know that I can *count* on you," Sarah Seaweena broke in. "What you can say in the witness-box about the Hôtel de Paris at Monte . . ."

"It won't be the Hôtel de Paris at Monte I'll talk about," said Kay. "I'll have so much to say about the Hôtel Venetia at Paris, that the cross-examiner or whatever you call him will never get as far even as the Gare de Lyons."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Sarah, outdoing in colour her expensive green face-powder. "What are you talking about, you wicked child? I don't know a thing about the Hôtel Venetia at Paris!"

"Well, then, when you put me to bed at the Ritz at ten o'clock I must have had a regular Peter Ibbetson dream," said Kay. "I can call up the scene even now, and that's funny, isn't it, because not an Australian in a car load ever heard of the Venetia on the *rive gauche*. I see a futuristic room, with the walls the colour of a rich bruise. I see you and Lord Jacky meet. He knows his Paris. He knows what to do at the Hôtel Venetia, and why people go there. The artists and artistines always say about him, 'Why, if here isn't Lord Jacky with a new girl!' He seldom brings the same one twice. Sometimes she's English. Sometimes she's French. But now that he's married Vicky le Brun . . ."

"*Married!*" shrieked Sarah.

"Yes. Hasn't he broken it to you yet? It was the day after George told you he'd sue for divorce and name Jacky as co-respondent."

This was bluff. Kay knew Vicky le Brun, and therefore had seen Lord John Alery in Paris more than once. It was all over the Latin Quarter that Vicky had secured him at last, and would become her ladyship, a good advertisement for her fashionable hat shop in the rue St. Honoré. But as for Sir George Seaweena, and the effect of his threatened divorce, it was a case of a quick putting of two and two together since leaving May.

"Co-respondents are so slippery, aren't they?" Kay went on. "Still, if you and Sir George just can't make it up, you may be able to look farther, dear, without faring worse. But to go on with the dream. Vicky wasn't in that. It was just you and Lord Jack. And when you and he had danced enough—in the dream, of course—you went up that famous black and red staircase . . ."

"Stop!" shrieked Sarah Seaweena. "I thought you were a nice, pure-minded Australian débutante, not a Pinkerton detective."

"Girls from all countries take so many new courses in education nowadays, and they have to practise a little, or what's the good?" Kay answered. "I felt I owed it to you—the only thing I *do* owe, dear—to let you know about this dream before it was too late, and I was in the witness stand."

"Don't worry. There'll be no witness stand. There'll be no divorce; not if I can move heaven and earth to prevent it," said Sarah. "I *hate* Jack! And as for you—well, you're just Sydney. Not that I've ever been there—I wouldn't bother."

"Poor Sydney!" murmured Kay, uncrushed. "I ought to go back soon and bolster it up."

. . . . .

"May, you're safe as a bank!" cried Kay, as she dashed into her sister's bedroom at the Savoy, pushing aside the Featherstonhaugh as if she'd been a feather minus the "haugh." "You can marry Tony as soon as you please."

(*Continued on a later page*)

Jam Roly-Poly!

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This inexpensive recipe is taken from the 'Atora' Book of 100 tested recipes. Send a postcard for a copy, post free from HUGON & Co., Ltd., Openshaw, Manchester.

459C

THE BURNING BUSH

(*Continued from p. 42*)

there with the flaming torch held high and its light reflected from a floor of white sand. He ran to her side as the torch burned out, but neither was prepared for the calamity of darkness which fell upon them. First of all men, they were beneath a solid roof and no light came to them. Stricken with fear they cowered together on the sandy floor, each unspeakably glad of the other's nearness. Presently the moon rose, and her light stole into the cave through many crannies. In the dim dusk of moon-dawn they clasped each other as lovers.

. . . . . .

In the morning the sun made the inner cave a place of shining wonder shut off by a dark passage from the little outer cleft in the rocks Bruni had known.

"We will live here," said Bruni with enthusiasm as, with his left arm holding Loma tightly and the striking hammer in his right, they ventured into the sunlight again, passing over the hot ashes of Loma's great fire. It was cold in the outer air, and Bruni drew the girl back into the oven-like room where both had first known the comfort of fire.

"We will make a little place for the flame demons in the great cave," said Bruni. "They shall slave for our comfort, but so shall the Dagga. First we will fill the small cave with the food the flame demons love, and then go down to the village."

They worked hard until the small cave was nearly full of dry fuel and then ventured cautiously downhill to the village.

A new roof of brushwood had been erected over the wonder-stone, but Enikal's house was destroyed.

"I suppose Coan has taken most of father's women," said Loma. "How glad I am to be yours, Bruni."

He clasped her convulsively, strung to high excitement.

"Let Coan have all the women of the Dagga," he said with contempt. "They are stupid and senseless, but you are a daughter of magic, Loma. Now let us make a little fire where they cannot see it."

"Look!" said Loma.

From their high place they could see beyond the mountain, see a great bank of clouds rimming the horizon.

"We must hurry," said Bruni.

Quickly they made fire and picked firsticks. Then, each lighting one and carrying others, they ran to the village shouting as they ran. The Dagga tumbled out of their shelters, the men spear in hand, but at the sight of the flame-bearers they prostrated themselves.

"Be not afraid," called Bruni. "I am Bruni, the Rain Bringer, Worker of Magic and Master of Fire, Bruni the Lord of the Dagga and of all other peoples."

Coan gathered courage when he saw that this was but the slave of Enikal, and stalked back.

"I am Coan, the Chief of the Dagga. You are but a slave and have no magic."

He raised his spear, but Bruni was quicker and ran upon him with the flaming torch, thrusting it into the man's face. Stung by the unexpected and unknown pain Coan leaped back affrighted, and Bruni kicked his spear with contempt.

"Men of the Dagga," shouted Bruni, "come here."

Unwillingly they drew nearer.

"Who has dared to put a roof over the wonder-stone?" thundered Bruni. "I am its lord, and never again shall it be covered by a roof made with hands."

He whispered a command to Loma, and together they marched to the wonder-stone and set the roof of dry brushwood blazing.

There was a murmur of awe. The women ran away and the men muttered apprehensively.

"I am Bruni, the Rainbringer," announced the magician. "I shall live for a time in the cliff above you, and all good things shall be yours."

They were afraid. He had conquered. Enikal's place was empty. Bruni had but to command, and the Dagga would obey.

"Enikal knew not the magic of the wonder-stone as I know it," he boasted. "Dance ye the dance but not as he taught you. Dance it the way of the sun. Alone among women Loma shall dance, shall lead the dance as the Priestess of the Stone."

He swung the striking hammer with greater vigour than they had ever seen with Enikal, and a rain of sparks followed his dance. The men followed Loma, whirling madly about the stone with new hope, for as they danced the clouds mounted ever higher in the sky and the sun was blotted out.

"Now we dance the dance rightly all will be well with the Dagga," announced Bruni, "but the wonder stone brings danger to those who know not how to use it. It must be carried to the cave of Bruni and Coan shall carry it."

He ordered all men to lie face downward whilst he made fire; and Loma and he lit torches. Then Bruni led a procession to the cave, followed by Coan bearing the stone, who was followed by Loma the torchbearer.

As they reached the cave the rain fell. Clouds of smoke were rolling out and Bruni was afraid. He had prepared a great mass of fuel for a fire which should strike wonder to the hearts of the Dagga and secure his power, but it had caught from the embers of the morning. He stood coughing in the smoke, much afraid, but knowing that if he showed sign of fear his reign would be over before it began. Loma joined him.

"There was no fire-food in the inner cave," she whispered.

Singing the Song of the Stone Bruni took it from the fear-struck Coan and marched boldly forward into the Cave of Smoke, crying loudly:

"It's death for any man to follow. Loma only may come."

Side by side the lovers vanished to their secret hall, where they ate, loved, and made merry.

Stricken by reverence at a greater magic than was known to the memory of man, every man, woman, and child of the tribe lay prostrate all day at the entrance of the Cave of Smoke, whilst the smoke of Bruni's fire rolled out upon them, and from time to time the more daring saw a burst of flame. Into this flame Bruni and Loma had vanished.

At the end of the day, cool and regal, Bruni came forth alone.

"Return to your homes, my people," he said graciously. "Every day ye shall bring me food and do my bidding. Now go."

The hillside emptied, and the reign of Earth's first Priest King began.

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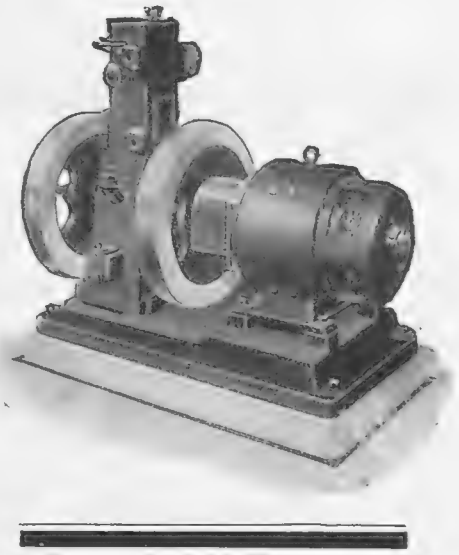

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THE EMPTY BED

(Continued from p. 38)

Forward came the lunge, deceiving the parry of *carte*, but the blades circled together. "You fight in a wedding ring," cried the Duc in genuine admiration.

"In *your* wedding ring," answered the soldier as the riposte came like a flash.

From the simplest attack of beat and lunge to the most complicated evolution known to the *cercle d'escrime*, de la Tour d'Azure bent his blade, but the line of steel in de Carmagne's hand ever barred the way. Faster and faster, more and more furious came the attack, but the soldier gave no ground. He fought in the English fashion with a minimum of footwork, but his wrist held all the cunning of Italy and France.

Finally, with a brilliant *coup* the Duc feinted in *carte* to attack in *septime*. The blade drove direct for the base of the heart. And de Carmagne, crazily unorthodox against a foil of superlative class, parried in *quinte* to leave his body exposed.

Like chained lightning the Duc disengaged and lunged in *six*, but, like lightning unchained, the soldier's sword plunged forward smoothly from the parry into *carte* and took him in the throat.

At the foot of his bridal bed Gabriel Jean Louis, Duc de la Tour d'Azure, fell dead.

■ At eight in the morning, the swarthy Italian bent his evil brow round the lintel to remove his master's baggage.

But there was no baggage to be removed.

Only the dead body of the Duc lay stark on the dais gazing, like the Tuscan Prince, the Polish Lancer, and the cuirassier of Hungary, with sightless eyes at the ceiling frosted with stars.

A dagger with a jewelled hilt—obviously a woman's weapon—lay on the floor, a trickle of blood at its point. But the woman who must inevitably have wielded it, the little baggage, search they the castle never so diligently, scour they the countryside never so far, had vanished.

As de Carmagne had so truly remarked, it is sometimes a mistake to treat human beings as *canaille*, for when *canaille* are treated like human beings they develop human traits such as gratitude, and may be willing for the sake of such treatment—common courtesy and a pleasant word—to leave their name under a stain while they are shipped across the frontier in a carrier's cart with a rope of Tuscan pearls clutched in their hands.

And such *canaille* may do better to give up, to a soldier with a sword up his sleeve, their bed than to go to that belonging by right to another.

But enough of baggages and *canaille*.

■ While the joy bells in the church were ringing out, the heart of la Belle Hélène was beating a dirge of muffled drums. In her bridal array, she was brought by her ladies through the great corridors of her separate wing to the apartment which thenceforth was to be her own. She went into the room to the ducal levee, in accordance with custom ordained by the house that was to be hers. She swept aside the curtains and none dared put out a hand to stay her, so frozen her face, so imperious her mien.

She looked down, and for the second time in twelve hours the bed was empty. A few broken words spoken with the accent of Italy—and she realized that she was destined never to sleep in it.

The joy bells in the old tower ceased and the mournful monotone of the funeral tolling smote the winter air. The dirge in her heart blazed into the chimes of ecstasy.

■ Then la Belle Hélène fainted—with joy.

LOVE AND FREINDSHIP

(Continued from p. 19)

"Victuals and Drink!" (replied my Husband in a most nobly contemptuous Manner) "and dost thou then imagine that there is no other support for an exalted mind (such as is my Laura's) than the mean and indelicate employment of Eating and Drinking?"

"None that I know of, so efficacious" (returned Augusta).

"And did you then never feel the pleasing Pangs of Love, Augusta?" (replied my Edward). "Does it appear impossible to your vile and corrupted Palate, to exist on Love? Can you not conceive the Luxury of living in every distress that Poverty can inflict, with the object of your tenderest affection?"

"You are too ridiculous" (said Augusta) "to argue with; perhaps, however, you may in time be convinced that . . ."

Here I was prevented from hearing the remainder of her speech by the appearance of a very Handsome young Woman, who was ushered into the Room at the Door of which I had been listening. On hearing her announced by the Name of "Lady Dorothea" I instantly quitted my Post and followed her into the Parlour, for I well remembered that she was the Lady proposed as a wife for my Edward by the Cruel and Unrelenting Baronet.

Altho' Lady Dorothea's visit was nominally to Philippa and Augusta, yet I have some reason to imagine that (acquainted with the Marriage and arrival of Edward) to see me was the principal motive to it.

I soon perceived that tho' Lovely and Elegant in her Person and tho' Easy and Polite in her Address, she was of that inferior order of Beings with regard to Delicate Feeling, tender Sentiments, and refined Sensibility, of which Augusta was one.

She staid but half-an-hour, and neither in the Course of her visit confided to me any of her secret thoughts nor requested me to confide in her any of Mine. You will easily imagine, therefore, my Dear Marianne, that I could not feel any ardent affection or very sincere Attachment for Lady Dorothea. Adeiu, LAURA.

THROUGH THE FOREST

(Continued from p. 46)

For awhile *Father Christmas* kept steadily on, but again he seemed wandering, so out sang a ferret—

Then let not the dark thee cumber
What tho' the moon does slumber?
The stars of the night
Will lend thee their light,
Like tapers clear without number—

which shows how well taught these little animals were in the poetry of their country.

This so cheered *Father Christmas* that he made another great effort, and sure enough, just round a bend in the path, there came an opening in the forest. Into the inky blackness poured the last rays of the sun. The woodman's cottage was found, the first toys safely delivered, and in another moment the welcome jingle of the sleigh bells told *Father Christmas* that the reindeer were at hand.

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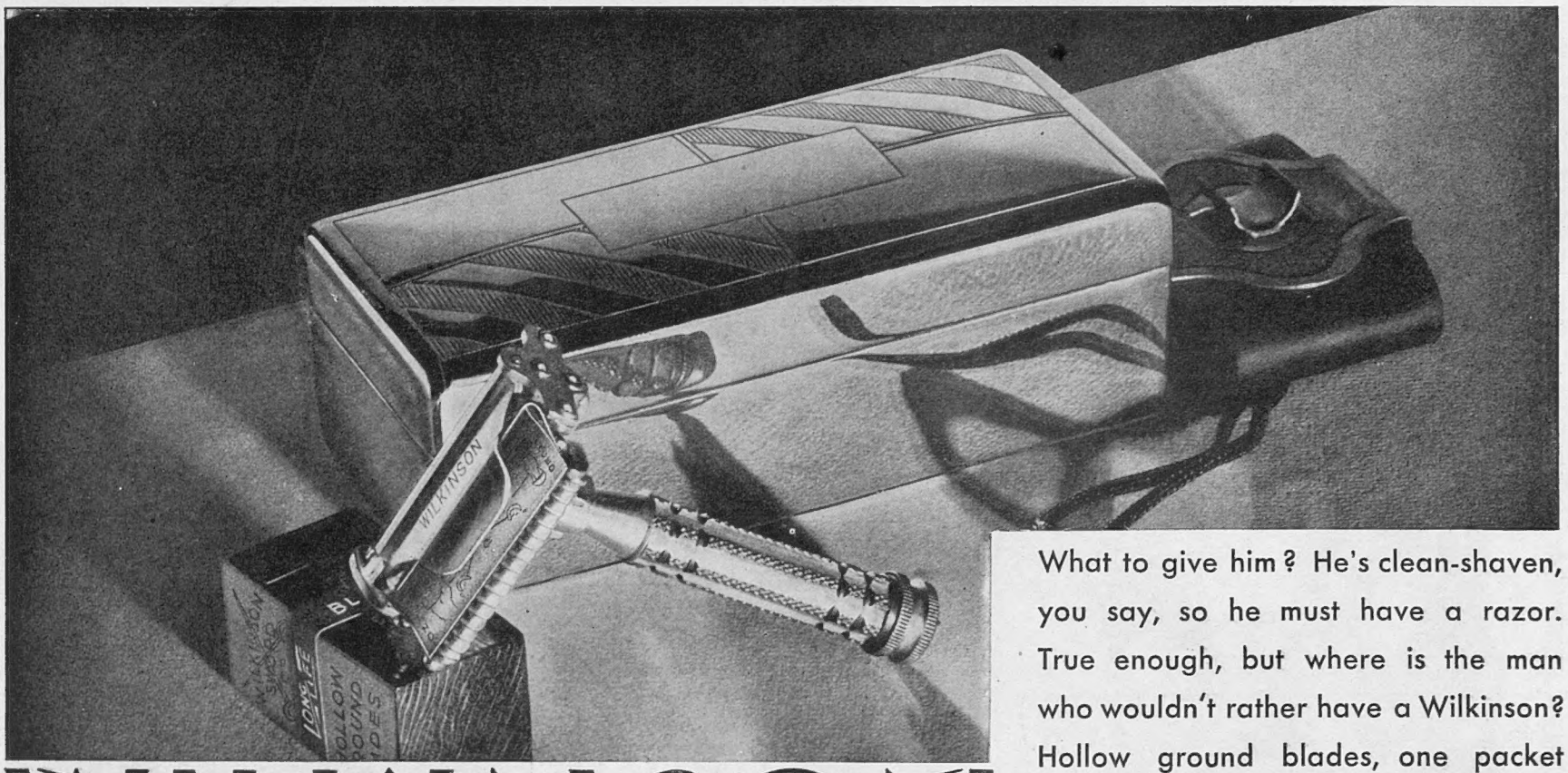

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Pushing It Too Far

"Papa," said Freddie, "what is a fortification?"

"Why, a big fort," replied his father.

"Well, papa, is a ratification a big ——?"

"I am busy now, dear," replied father, as he escaped.

Mixed It

A progressive father determined to teach his little son, Freddie, the alphabet by a new method. The lesson began thus:

"F for Freddie," said the father.

"F for Freddie," repeated the little one.

"M for me," said the father.

"M for you," said Freddie.

"No, Y for you," said the father.

"No, F for me," said Freddie.

The lesson was then given up, and the father intends to have the usual "A was an archer," etc., next time.

At Mother's Knee

One night at bedtime, while Willie was being undressed, his mother said to him, "I hope you were a good little boy while at your aunt's, and didn't tell any stories."

"No, I didn't," he said, "only the one you put me up to, mamma."

"Why, what do you mean, child?"

"Well, you see, auntie asked me if I'd like to have a second piece of cake, and I said, 'No, thank you; I've had enough'—just as you said."

STORIES

THE DANDY AND THE BELLE

ALICE WITH THE MAD HATTER AND THE WHITE RABBIT—
A charming trio of Christmas dolls

THOSE AUSTRALIAN TWINS

(*Continued from p.* 52)

"Which will be never," cut in a strangely familiar voice. And there, placing about a hundred orchids in vases, stood Dick Potter, as large as life, or larger. "She couldn't resist me—plus orchids. Her favourite flower. The Duke's off the map."

"Oh, darling, I know I'm terribly weak," wept May. "He came all the way from Sydney to save me ——"

"I came all the way from Paris!" said Kay.

"I know; but Sydney is at the other end of the world. And there's something you really *can* do for me, anyhow. Or, can you? I mean you're so clever, and if Tony once liked me, why shouldn't he like you? You'd be all right about his favourite books and pictures—even the dogs. Dad wouldn't fuss so long as we keep a duke in the family. Do you? Oh, precious, do you love me well enough—to—try and *get* Tony? Just wait till you see him . . ."

"I don't have to wait," said Kay. "I love *him* well enough. I have seen him. I don't need to try and get him. I *have* got him. What's his 'phone number?"

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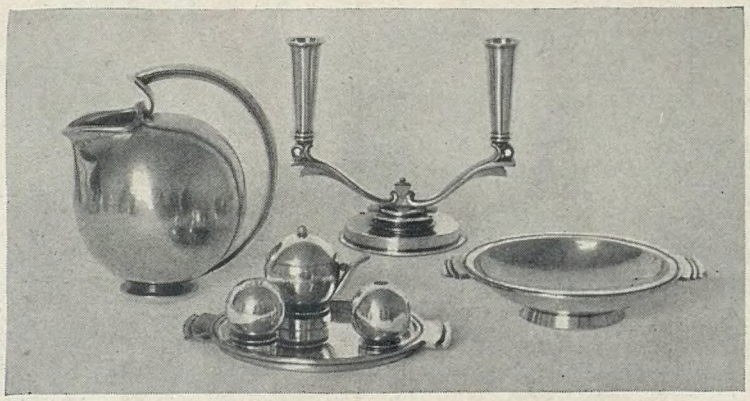

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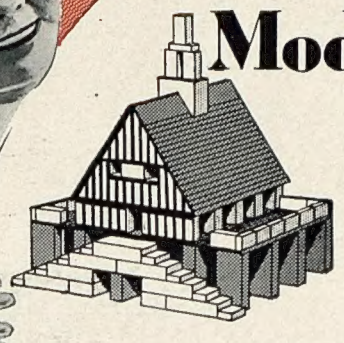

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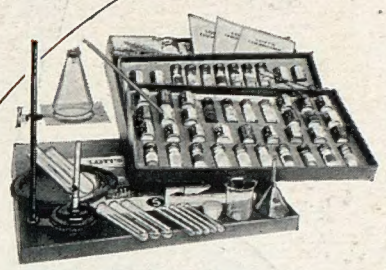

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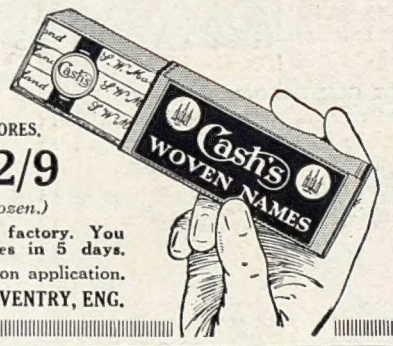

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